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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1910.

The Week.

President Taft's order withdrawing 8,500,000 acres of power-site, phosphate, and petroleum lands will be welcomed as proof of his earnest purpose to maintain the policy of conservation. He insisted on the passage of the law expressly conferring upon the President the power to make withdrawals in the public interest, and giving these withdrawals a status that cannot be disturbed except by express action on the part of the President or of Congress. At no time has Mr. Taft indicated any lack of sympathy with the purpose or the general spirit—apart from questions of law—of the policy inaugurated by the preceding Administration in the matter of conservation; but it seems abundantly proved by the testimony in the Ballinger-Pinchot hearings that it would have been much cut into by Mr. Taft's Secretary of the Interior, had it not been for the vigorous protests of Mr. Pinchot. And even after Mr. Ballinger had gone back on his tracks and in substance reestablished the Garfield withdrawals, the danger was by no means over. Indeed, the closing speech of Mr. Ballinger's counsel before the investigating committee was in large part a bitter and sarcastic attack on the conservation policy as understood by Garfield and Pinchot; and it is safe to say that, but for the agitation of the subject that has been kept up for the past twelvemonth there would have been serious backsliding in this whole matter, including the Alaska coal-land question. Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Glavis may justly feel that it was not in vain that they protested and lost their official lives.

The country cannot be blamed for thinking it significant that the Republican insurgents are flocking to Oyster Bay. When Mr. Roosevelt promptly invited Messrs. Pinchot and Garfield to visit him; it might have been thought of merely as a courtesy shown to old friends and former subordinates. But with La Follette and Senator Bristow—who had publicly complained that he was politically ostracised by the President—and Representatives Madison and Murdock and others to follow, the case is plainly different. Whatever Mr. Roosevelt may be thinking of doing with or about the insurgents, it must be conceded that he is showing great activity in getting at their point of view. And it will be noted that neither Cannon nor Aldrich nor Payne nor Tawney has yet called at Sagamore Hill! Possibly, the host there feels that he is already acquainted fully with *their* point of view.

Even Senator Lodge has seen a great light on the tariff. He has ceased to defend the Payne-Aldrich bill except as a measure that was as good as could have been expected from the "crude and unscientific method" under which it was framed. This is a marked change from the Senator's original attitude. When the bill passed, he gave out a jubilant interview congratulating Massachusetts industries on having come off so well—meaning, it was understood at the time, in the matter of the cotton duties which were trickily raised. But now his talk is all about a "bad system," and no tariff being "permanent" and further revision to be made by Republicans as soon as they find out the facts from the Tariff Board. We cannot say how much the special election in the Fourteenth Massachusetts District had to do with this conversion of Senator Lodge, but it is clear that he is afraid that other elections may go the same way, and is prepared to promise as much tariff revision as may seem necessary to prevent such a calamity.

So far as now appears, the fight for primary and election reform which Gov. Hughes has been making for two years, has ended in complete defeat. After all the agitation, after the sudden irruption of Mr. Roosevelt into the field, not one line has been added to the statutes. Even the compromise which the Governor finally agreed to accept as a payment on account, was refused him. Mr. Hughes himself is aware of the conclusive nature of the result, and confesses that he can do nothing more for the cause he has had so much at heart, in the short time that remains to him in the Governorship. Thus, to all appearances, his failure is absolute.

Yet those who believe in the law of the conservation of moral energy will not say that the long struggle has naught availed. The Governor's public and searching exposures of the methods of party management at present in vogue have not been water spilled on the ground. Even his bitterest opponents have had to admit that there was much force in what he said—that "snap" primaries are indefensible; that to party dissidents should be given a chance to vote on equal terms with the regulars in the primary; that the ballot needs to be improved; that delegates should be named by the rank and file of the party, not by the boss in secret; and that many changes should be made in order to render party control more responsive to party wishes. Hence, in sheer consistency, or out of pure shame, the party politicians who have admitted all this are bound to advocate some measure of primary reform. The question will undoubtedly figure in the next Republican platform of this State. And it is certain, too, that the politicians who manage the convention will speak in praise of Gov. Hughes's whole career in office, and will endeavor to make the people of the State believe that they desire his successor to follow in his footsteps. For then they will have arrived at the time when they have to deal with the electorate, not the machine, and will cast about to make up in every way possible for that "strength illimitably needed" which they have lost in the retirement of Gov. Hughes.

Every Southern protest against lynching and mob law counts in the struggle for education in the law-abiding spirit, and should be hailed as a reinforcement. In the Montgomery *Advertiser* we find a vigorous utterance apropos of a recent lynching in Florida. A mob set out to catch a negro charged with assault, found a black man in the woods, shot him to death, and returned "satisfied." But a few hours later the real criminal was discovered and confessed his guilt. Now, it is not merely the fact that the mob lynched the wrong man which rouses the *Advertiser* to righteous indignation. If it had lynched the right man the crime would have been

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nearly as great. The terrible thing is the outbreak of mob law in any of its manifestations, and the real cause of alarm is the tolerance of it. It is an old comment, but one that cannot be too often enforced, which the Southern newspaper makes in saying:

> Mob law is a menace to the safety of human life, a threat to property, in any community which tolerates it. When a mob successfully accomplishes its purposes and escapes unpunished, the community which tolerated the crime will sooner or later feel the violence of some new form of lawlessness.

In a recent primary election in Birmingham, Ala., at which the question was submitted, the result was overwhelmingly in favor of the commission plan, the majority for it being, it is stated, the largest ever recorded in the history of Birmingham on any subject. There were 4,962 votes for the plan, and only 693 against it. Even more significant, in view of the size and importance of the city, is the agitation of the subject in Baltimore, although there the matter is as yet only in embryo. The politicians succeeded last winter in defeating in the Maryland Legislature the project of a new charter which offered important changes in the direction of greater centralization of power and responsibility; but, instead of being discouraged, those who are aiming at more efficient city government are now very seriously considering a campaign for the commission idea. The Baltimore *Sun* squarely advocates that plan, and seems to believe that, owing to the enthusiasm which a "clean-cut, thoroughgoing reform" is capable of arousing, it will not be more difficult to get this measure adopted than it would be to force the acceptance of a less radical scheme in the face of the opposition of spoils politicians. Whatever else these and similar developments show, they are certainly convincing evidence that the old-time American contentment with dishonest and inefficient city government is a thing of the past.

A verdict for $8,000 was given to-day by a jury in the Supreme Court of Long Island City to John Kasczak, who sued the Central Railroad of New Jersey to recover damages for the loss of a leg. Kasczak was run over by a train five years ago in a freight yard at Penobscot, Pa. This was the fifth time his suit has been tried.

Five trials, and five years, to determine the liability of a railway company to a man who has been run over by a freight train and had his leg cut off! The thing is monstrous, whatever the explanation. There is something profoundly wrong in a system under which it is possible, not to say frequent. It is in flagrant violation of common sense, as well as of common justice. No system of law administration can prevent the possibility of error; we are not clamoring for infallibility. But any rational system must see to it that decision, and a decision on as satisfactory a basis as can reasonably be demanded, shall be rendered in a reasonable time. So much for common sense; as for common justice, how much does poor John Kasczak get, at the end of five years of litigation, out of the $8,000 adjudged to be rightfully his? And what of the irreparable loss to him involved in the waiting itself?

We may now hope that this country has seen the end of prize-fighting in public. Even Nevada must become ashamed of being the last refuge for such a disgusting exhibition as last Monday's. To the brutality on the spot was added that of race-rioting in various parts of the country. This is the last straw. The Southern newspapers appear to have foreseen and dreaded this sequel, and did not, as a rule, give prominence to the fight. It was left for the leading journals of the educated and law-abiding North to fling about for weeks in advance their inflammable stuff. Those editors who denounced the vulgarity and indecency which their own pages exploited, will surely go a step further next time and refuse to make a display of what they confess to be demoralizing to the public. If for no other reason than the undisguised commercial exploitation of the fight at Reno, it ought to be the last one of its kind in America. It reduced the "manly art" to a scramble for money. If it was necessary in order to give a quietus to a survival of barbarism, we cannot wholly regret the climax of dollar-grabbing and brutal over-matching, miscalled a prize-fight, by which the national holiday was disgraced.

The conditions attending Harvard's third successive rowing victory at New London emphasize the passing of one ancient tradition in the athletic world. It is the tradition of the famous "Yale spirit" of never-say-die as being sufficient to wrest victory from defeat in the face of all circumstances. Yale grit is, indeed, a real and an admirable quality. But on the water, at least, Yale has now demonstrated that the will is not everything, and that not the most unshakable determination to win can bring victory unless the physical basis for it exists. The fact stands out that for three years Harvard has had the better men in her boat and the better system behind them. In 1908 Harvard finished alone, with the Yale crew in a state of collapse at the beginning of the third mile. In 1909 Harvard won by four lengths. Last week she won by five. On form as well as on performance the Cambridge crew has been the perfect machine as opposed to merely good men in a boat such as Yale has put on the water. And not all the physical heartbreak and all the determination in the world will, on the long average, overcome such a handicap. It may be regrettable, perhaps, that the fine individual resourcefulness which is the main justification of sport, should be giving way before drill, method, and strategy; but the fact must be recognized, even as Yale is sure to recognize it before long.

The world's sympathies will go out to the sorely-tried heart of Count Ferdinand Zeppelin. The recent disaster near Osnabrück means something more than a temporary setback. Coming so soon after the wreck of the Zeppelin II, it seriously threatens the entire scheme to which Count Zeppelin has devoted several fortunes and a lifetime. The Deutschland is the third of Zeppelin's great cruisers to meet destruction just when hope in them rose highest. Once more the lesson has been driven in that, while man may have conquered the air, he is not yet master of the tempest. The vast bulk which in the Zeppelin air-ships is intended to constitute an element of safety, has only proved a source of added danger. Where a smaller ship might scurry before the wind or drop to the nearest flat piece of ground, the monster Zeppelins rear and plunge and dash themselves into fragments for lack of adequate landing space. The Zeppelins' greater size only presents a greater surface of attack to the storm, and their rigid framework makes any involuntary earth-contact almost synonymous with destruction. The German

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military engineers have always been distrustful of the Zeppelin cruisers. Their own smaller machines of the Gross and Parseval type have made no such long-distance records as the Zeppelins, but neither have they encountered such signal disaster. There will be no talk for some time of airship voyages across the Atlantic. A recent German cartoon showed Count Zeppelin gazing at the wreck of his second cruiser; below was the legend, "*Alter Herr*, what think ye now of the North Pole?" The German cartoons of to-day may be showing the newest Zeppelin wrecked in the same Teutoburg forest where Varus once lost Augustus's legions, and Count Zeppelin enduring something of the famous agony that beset the Roman emperor.

Mr. Lloyd George's second budget is, of course, in no danger of mishandling in the House of Lords; that possibility has been disposed of once for all. Nor is there any considerable opposition to the budget in the Commons, except for Nationalist dissatisfaction with the whiskey duties, which, however, Mr. Redmond is willing to swallow for the sake of harmony. It is the Government itself that will now hold up the budget, using it once more as a weapon in the fight over the veto. There will be a session of Parliament in the autumn, and until that time final action on the finance bill is to be postponed. Meanwhile, the conference between the party leaders is to go on. If the Liberals obtain satisfactory concessions, well and good. If the conference comes to naught, the fight upon the Lords will be reopened at the coming session and once more the Government will be in a position to threaten a refusal of supplies. On their side must be counted one factor which ordinarily receives much more attention in American politics than it does in England, but which must make itself felt there, too. England to-day is prospering. Trade is steadily on the increase, to the discomfiture of the ardent Tariff Reformers; and the automatic increase in the public revenue makes things much easier for Mr. Lloyd George; so much easier that he can afford to say with a fine disdain that he doesn't care a snap for the decline in the liquor revenues. The moral gain implied in a decrease of liquor consumption is sufficient compensation.

At this distance from Paris, it is difficult to see what standing-ground there was for the agitation in favor of a commutation of the sentence of Liabeuf, the "Apache" who killed one policeman and wounded others, and who has been executed, except in the eyes of two classes—opponents of capital punishment and radical Socialists. Of course, if nobody ought to suffer the death-penalty, Liabeuf ought not; and if every crime that can be traced to the imperfections of the existing social organization is a crime of society and not of the individual, Liabeuf was but a specimen of social evil and not a criminal. To be sure, there was more than this in the special case; there was something on which a strong appeal to the emotions might be based, and the Socialists made the most of the opportunity. It is admitted that he had served terms in prison for thefts which he had actually committed, but he was afterwards imprisoned for a disgraceful offence, of which he was innocent, through an error of the police; and ever after was filled with a passionate and uncontrollable wrath against the police in general. But with this as a background, the Socialist orators put forward the standard arraignments of society and their denial of its right to punish those whom it has made criminals. "Society, which did not help Liabeuf to live, has no right to take his life from him," says one; another speaks of "this terrible Paris, where want that toils and want that prostitutes itself go side by side." Very dreadful, no doubt; and perhaps—who knows—a sufficient reason for wiping out the whole system and starting a new world, where we shall all be virtuous and happy. But so long as we keep this present kind of world going, we have got to govern it according to its kind.

The Liabeuf "affair" receives its last appropriate touch in the characteristic declaration by Gustave Hervé. From his cell where he is now under a four years' sentence for inciting the criminal classes to violence against the police, the noted anti-militarist and anarchist has sent forth a trumpet call for some one to assassinate President Fallières. The psychology of the extreme revolutionary and of the French politician are admirably illustrated in the incident. Only a little while ago Hervé's application for clemency was laid before the man whose death he now advocates. It is a seeming inconsistency which the ardent revolutionist has no difficulty in explaining away. All is fair in war, and particularly in that *guerre sociale* of which Hervé is the most conspicuous prophet in France. Make use of the enemy when you can and get him out of the way when you have the opportunity; false pride has no place in war. But if we ask what Gustave Hervé might hope to gain by so senseless and so criminal a declaration, the answer is that he would gain that prestige which in France particularly attaches to any utterly sensational position. The *geste magnifique* wins the crowd, and there is potency still in Danton's famous prescription, *toujours de l'audace*. The fact stands forth that Hervé has been coming steadily nearer to predominant influence among French Socialists and laborists.

The flat denial by the Prince Regent of China of the request of the provincial delegates for the immediate establishment of an Imperial Parliament brings to a head the contest which has for some time been going on. It is partly a contest between centralization and a large provincial autonomy. On the part of the Prince Regent, it required courage, in the face of strong appeals, to postpone the inauguration of the Parliament for nine years. This will test the determination of the delegates who have for some time been agitating in Peking. Several of them have declared that they will commit suicide if their demand is not granted. The next few days will show whether a clash, greater than any that has taken place thus far, shall occur between the central government and the provinces. It should seem that for China, in her purpose to carry out reforms, there is no escape from the alternative of revolution or an Imperial Parliament. There is no way for the central government to increase revenue and the taxation of the provinces without in some way allowing the people of the latter to be represented. Yet without increased revenue, the Imperial Government will be unable to meet its obligations. A stamp tax has been suggested, but has been stoutly opposed. Thus the Government is face to face with the question whether the appeal of the provinces shall be listened to, and, through representation, increased revenue be made possible.

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REMAKING THE SUPREME COURT.

The sudden death of Chief Justice Fuller on Monday comes as a fresh reminder to thoughtful people of the critical days which the Supreme Court is facing. One-third of its membership has gone to the Great Assize since Mr. Taft became President, and it is altogether probable that he will have also to fill the vacancy caused by Justice Moody's disability. Indeed, it is virtually certain that the President will have a fifth appointment to the Supreme Court to make before his term expires, so that, by 1912, a majority of the entire court will have been named by Mr. Taft. This fact alone, quite apart from the questions of transcendent legal and political importance shortly to be passed upon by our highest judicial tribunal, would show through what an emergency it is passing.

Judge Fuller could not be called by his record a great Chief Justice, though he had fine abilities and discharged the duties of his position to the entire satisfaction of his colleagues on the bench as well as of the bar and the public. In passing upon the mass of routine motions that came before him he displayed industry and good judgment; while in what he had to do in making up the calendar of the court and setting down cases for argument, his courtesy and sound sense were universally recognized. It is said, too, that in the private consultations of the judges, and in assigning the writing of the opinion of the court, the Chief Justice was never wanting in tact or in a shrewd but kindly estimate of the personal characteristics of his fellows. When it fell to him to prepare the decision of the court, he showed himself master of a lucid style which sometimes had even a literary quality. His service fell in a period when it was customary to speak of the Supreme Court as weak. By this was meant usually that its important decisions were by narrow majorities; and that there appeared to be no powerful and dominating mind in it that could persuade the others to unanimity along a well-marked line of legal interpretation. Yet this may have been, after all, due more to the nature of the cases thrust upon the court than to special weakness in its personnel. At any rate, Judge Fuller was no Marshall or Miller to impose upon his brethren the unifying conclusions of an intellect of greater range and deeper penetration than their own.

It is this fact, however we may account for it, that causes so keen an interest to be taken in the question of the successor of the Chief Justice. There had been from the first news that Gov. Hughes was to go to the Supreme Court, a general feeling that the reversion of the Chief Justiceship would be his in time. It was said, to be sure, that precedent was against making one of the associate justices the Chief Justice. It would look like an invidious choice. This would not necessarily follow. Indeed, we believe it was the wish of the other judges that Miller should be made Chief Justice when President Grant appointed Waite, as it also was that Field should be so honored when Mr. Cleveland named Judge Fuller. But as the situation now shapes itself, the objection, even if valid in ordinary cases, would not lie against making Gov. Hughes Chief Justice. He would not have served at all, though confirmed as associate justice; and the President could re-designate him as Chief Justice without the slightest danger of hurting the feelings of any of the judges now in the Supreme Court. Mr. Taft has, of course, given no sign of his intentions, and probably will not for some time to come; but the high admiration in which he is known to hold Gov. Hughes lends color to the general expectation that he will ask the latter to succeed Chief Justice Fuller.

Should any further break occur in the ranks of the Supreme Court judges, or even if only Justice Moody elects to retire on full pension, as he may by special act of Congress, the numbers of the Court would be so depleted that it would not be in a position to do any work of importance at its sitting in October. On the other hand, President Taft has very properly announced that he will make no interim appointments to the bench. He wishes no judge to sit who has not been confirmed by the Senate. Yet it might be awkward for the Supreme Court, and unfortunate for the great issues set down for reargument before it, if their full strength could not be given to the judges until after Congress meets, in December. A clear way out would be for the President to call the Senate in extra session, say, at some date in October, for the purpose of confirming judicial appointments. Then commissions could be issued and the Supreme Court might be restored to its full working capacity early in November.

Whatever the decision respecting this, or whatever the choice of new judges made by President Taft, no one can be in any doubt concerning the high importance of securing the ablest men attainable for the hearing and decision of the great and crucial cases so soon to come before the Supreme Court. It is a juncture at which the most commanding intellect and the loftiest patriotism might feel irresistible strength in an appeal to go on the bench. If it falls to the lot of Gov. Hughes to sit as Chief Justice when the Tobacco case and the Standard Oil case are reargued, he would not need to think that he had abandoned a worthy ambition. The consequences of the decisions which he and his associate judges are to be called upon to make are so momentous and far-reaching that every patriotic fibre must be stirred in them, at the same time that they feel the immense responsibility and brace themselves to meet it. In a sense, it is new ground which the Supreme Court will have to break in its efforts to apply old legal principles successfully to the virtually new problems of modern industrialism. And the law governing in that field, which will in effect have to be remade, will be so, it is now clear, by a Supreme Court itself virtually remade.

RATES AND THE COMMISSION.

Close on the heels of the Interstate Commerce Commission's decisions reducing rates to points in the Far West, comes the announcement by the same body that it will stand by the official classification of freights announced some time ago, affecting all that part of the country north of the Potomac and the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi. Against this change of classification, it had received an overwhelming number of protests from shippers; but, after careful consideration, it has decided that there is no reason for changing its original conclusion. If the decisions cutting down rates to certain Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast points was regarded as a move actuated by hostility or want of fairness to the railways, one may hope that the action of the

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Commission in the matter of classification will help to reassure those so minded.

But in point of fact there was nothing about the decisions in the Western freight-rate cases to give any ground for believing that the Commission was inclined to act otherwise than with perfect fairness. It had considered with great care an extremely complex state of facts, and had come to a conclusion after endeavoring to give its due and proper weight to every element involved. That there is no definite rule to which the settlement of such questions can be referred is unfortunately true; all that the Commission can do is to take into account the various considerations which enter into the case, and arrive at a result which shall do as little wrong as possible to any legitimate interest involved. But no legitimate interest need feel alarmed so long as this process is carried out, in good faith and with singleness of purpose, by competent men. As for the great flurry in Wall Street, ostensibly attributed to the Western freight-rate decisions, it went obviously far beyond anything that could logically be justified. Here was no general scaling down of freight rates, nor anything indicating an intention to enter upon such a policy; not even anything to show that the Commission would not be perfectly open-minded upon proposals to increase rates, backed by reasonable grounds; what it did was simply to decide that certain arrangements of freight-rates, highly distinctive and based upon special conditions affecting the points in question, were unreasonable and that in a number of those instances heavy reductions would have to be made.

Among the elements which entered into the decisions of the Commission in the Western rate cases was, of course, the earning capacity of the railways; and, by way of precaution, it has ordered, in many cases, that the new rates shall not go into effect for three months, during which time an accurate account will be kept of the revenue arising out of the particular items in question, so that a more trustworthy estimate may be made of the effect which the reductions would have upon the finances of the companies. Equally of course, the question of a higher rate for carriage from the East to an intermediate point than is charged for through carriage all the way to the Pacific Coast was a leading feature of the cases; and it is impossible to set down any principle upon which this question can be decided in every individual instance. For through rates the necessity of meeting water competition must be taken into account; and it would be impossible for the railways to make through rates which would give them an adequate share of that business, if those rates were made absolutely regulative of the business to inland points also. Just what compromise should be adopted is a question on which there is room for great difference of opinion; but the Commission finds, in the instances in which it has ordered reductions, that the railways have gone beyond reasonable limits in the exercise of their discretion. It decides on neither of these points taken by itself; but it puts this and that together as best it can. In the case of Spokane, for example, it finds, first, that the earnings of the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern for ten years preceding 1908 "might fairly be termed excessive"; but it goes on to say:

> Having determined that question we did not make reductions in rates to Spokane for the reason that these revenues were excessive, and for the purpose of reducing these revenues. The rates to Spokane were held to be unreasonable, and other rates were established as reasonable, upon entirely different consideration.

Now, this sort of thing is not perfection, and there are many trials before us in its application to the vast and complicated problems of railway administration in the United States. But we believe that it not only is, but is pretty generally recognized to be, the best thing that is practically open to us for the present, and for a long time to come. It stands between the two other possibilities, either of which is superior to it in point of consistency, and, if you please, logicalness, but both of which are open to absolutely insuperable practical objections. The country will never go back to a régime in which rates are fixed arbitrarily by the railways themselves. That régime, dependent for its justification on the idea of competition, was undermined long ago, when the impossibility of anything like adequate competition became manifest to everybody; it was utterly doomed when the process of consolidation had reached the point at which half-a-dozen men virtually controlled the entire railway system of the country. On the other hand, the country is far from ready to take possession of the railways, and make both the management of the railways and the determination of rates a purely governmental function. European precedent does not furnish even a faint approximation to the immense responsibilities and difficulties that would attend such an undertaking. Debarred, then, both from leaving the matter to take care of itself and from taking hold of it in a root-and-branch way, there is no alternative but that of working our way along, from day to day, from year to year, securing as near as may be equity and stability for shippers, for localities, and for railway companies. That the Commission is doing this work with a very fair measure of success, and that the new law will greatly increase its usefulness, is, we believe, the opinion not only of the country at large but of the most representative and weighty of the railway men themselves.

EUROPEAN ANTI-CLERICALISM.

If Gambetta could return to the earth to-day he would be surprised to discover in how many countries of Europe his old cry about clericalism being "the enemy" is reëchoed. He would find in France that the campaign against the Church had gone beyond anything dreamed of in his time; in Italy he would see a rising anti-clerical tide with which the Government and all men in public life are having to reckon; while even in Spain, which so long has been "most Catholic," he would note the astonishing political developments since the execution of Ferrer, culminating in a Radical Ministry which makes a leading feature of its programme a revision of the Concordat and the severe repression of ecclesiastical pretensions. Indeed, taking the past year as a whole, the Vatican has had so many worries and complications that it might well say with the Psalmist, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

Attention is just now centred upon the aspects of the controversy in Spain. The attitude of the new Canalejas Government has provoked bitter discussion which is already having its customary accompaniment of rioting, whether by supporters or opponents of the Ministry. As usual in Spain, we witness two violent and contradictory extremes of opinion in this matter. In a large ele-

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ment of the population there is a spirit of the most unbounded devotion to the Church, and of absolutely unquestioning obedience to the ecclesiastical authorities. It is the kind of extravagant zeal which was exemplified at Barcelona last Eastern when several hundred ladies joined in a public protest to the Captain-General against the fearful decay of morals which would be involved in permitting carriages on the street during Holy Week. At the other end of the line we have the great numbers of Spaniards who denounce and attack the Church in unmeasured terms, who demand the clipping of the privileges of the priests in every way possible, and who so easily break out in anti-clerical demonstrations. There must be an intermediate body of more sober sentiment in Spain, but it finds little expression in the debates in the press and in the Cortes, and is certainly hardly mentioned in the dispatches to foreign newspapers.

Just what the Spanish Government proposes has not been clearly understood abroad. In his efforts to promote religious liberty, it has been said in the telegrams that the Prime Minister induced the King to sign a decree changing the Constitution. But even in Spain they take their Constitution more seriously than that would imply. What happened was that a change was made in the official interpretation of the eleventh article of the Constitution. Under it, in 1876, when Cánovas was Prime Minister, a royal decree had denied nearly every public religious right to non-Catholics. Their meetings were held unlawful; their schools were under the ban; they were allowed to live but could not have a public burial; and, finally, they were not permitted to indicate in any way on any building of theirs that religious services were there maintained. Now, every clause of this former decree except the last one had already been abrogated; and all that Canalejas has done is to complete the process and by royal ordinance to make it lawful for a Protestant church or a Jewish synagogue so to declare itself upon its walls. It is this final step in carrying out the guarantees of entire freedom of worship in Spain that has led to the present agitation and to the crisis in the relations of the Spanish Government and the Holy See. Negotiations for a friendly recasting of the Concordat had already been begun, but no sooner had this modification of the old decree been made than the *Osservatore Romano* bitterly complained that it was an insult to the Vatican, which was very likely intended to bring about, and certainly would lead to, a rupture of diplomatic relations. Something very like that has since occurred; though in view of the firm attitude of the Spanish Government, it is probable that the Vatican will find a way to swallow its pride, just as it did in its recent mortifying experience with Germany, when it both offered an apology and withdrew an encyclical. It is plain that to adopt an uncompromising attitude with Spain would be a mistake, since not only has Canalejas an assured majority at his back, for the present at least, but even the Conservatives, as their leader, Maura, recently made clear in a speech, are convinced that the Concordat ought to be thoroughly revised.

In Italy, there have been several Parliamentary sessions taken up with the clerical question. What is chiefly agitated by the Italian anti-clericals just now is a firmer control of the religious orders and of the seminaries, together with an extension of the system of popular education, which the Church opposes. The anti-clerical demonstration in Rome a few days ago was not an imposing affair, but it is at least significant that it should even have been undertaken within sight of the dome of St. Peter's. And it is clear from the declarations of the Government that the Vatican has serious political problems on its hands without going outside of Italy.

Papal diplomacy in recent years has been compared unfavorably with what it was under Leo XIII. That Pope had certainly a wider European outlook than Pius X, and was able to manage the foreign relations of the Vatican with greater skill—or at least greater success. Changed political conditions may partly account for the difference, as may partly the coming in of a papal secretary of State, Merry del Val, who appears to be a thorough reactionary. But whatever the explanation, the fact must be admitted that the anti-clerical movement in Europe is taking on forms and a force that must give the Vatican deep concern.

RUSSIA AND THE ORIENT.

Those who out of Japan's victory over Russia and the prospect of a regenerated China have conjured up the spectre of Europe buried under an Asiatic avalanche, will find their speculations disturbed by the announcement that the population of the Russian Empire has risen to 160,000,000. This is 31,000,000 more than it had according to the census of 1897. The increase in the number of the Czar's subjects is so rapid that, by the time China is fully awakened, her nearest Christian neighbor will muster a population not so much inferior to her own. There is evidently to be no such thing as Asia overwhelming Europe by mere force of numbers. By the middle of the century, Russia, if the present rate of increase continues—and there is nothing in sight to check it, there being abundance of fertile land—will contain 300,000,000 inhabitants. Even those who have shown themselves obsessed by the "yellow peril" do not aver that China will be sufficiently awakened by 1950, or transformed by Japan's military art, to be eager to gird herself for the destruction of Christendom.

The fact is that these prophets of evil have been reckoning without their host. Frightened by the contemplation of Asiatic swarms, they have neglected to inquire what European nations are capable of accomplishing in the way of numerical expansion. Before 1950 the German Empire, which now has 64,000,000 inhabitants, will have within its present limits a population of 100,000,000. Yet even if the peoples of the white race have collectively nothing to fear from those of the yellow race on the score of numbers, there is no denying the fact that the yellow peril, so far as it affects the largest European nation, is a reality. It is evident that Russia will have to stand as in days of yore between Europe and Asia. Japan and China will be a perpetual menace to her. Not that there will ever be any danger that the Russian people may be submerged by the yellow race. A Russia of two or three hundred millions is not going to succumb to twice that number of Chinese and Japanese separated by several thousand miles from the heart of Muscovy. But the integrity of the Russian Empire may be permanently imperilled. It will be no easy matter to hold Siberia when Japan and China

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awake to the necessity of breaking the bounds within which their teeming millions are confined. This is the penalty that the Muscovite will have to pay for stretching eastward under the delusion that the potential opposing forces did not need to be reckoned with. Now he realizes his weakness, and henceforth will turn his gaze toward the rising sun in an entirely different spirit from what was his wont before that terrible awakening of 1904 and 1905.

How is this going to affect the attitude of Russia with respect to her schemes of aggrandizement in the direction of the Mediterranean? Having been balked in the Far East, will she be driven to recoup herself by renewing her advance toward a fancied goal in the South? The dream conceived in the days of Catherine of Russia's mission as the deliverer of the Greek Christians who were bowed under the Turkish yoke has been realized in great measure, but coupled with this dream was the expectation that the White Czar would be enthroned on the shores of the Golden Horn. From this objective Russia seems to be further removed than ever. The carrying out of the altruistic part of her programme has only had the effect of making Constantinople slip further from her. The changes that have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula since Russia undertook her successful campaign of deliverance a generation ago have been such as almost to deprive her of any possible pretext for a fresh inroad in the direction of the Bosphorus. The states that were principalities have become kingdoms. The fetters that were supposed to bind Bulgaria to the Sublime Porte—the obligation to pay tribute—have been severed. Bosnia and Herzegovina have ceased to have even a nominal connection with the Ottoman realm. In Macedonia alone, on the European side of the straits, has the Turk any longer the power to oppress the Greek Christian, and there is to be no meddling in Macedonia without a European concert. Europe is inclined to give the Young Turks a chance, and meanwhile the years are slipping by, so that to the new generation in Russia the rôle of the Romanoffs as the destroyers of Turkey is gradually receding into the distant past.

Since Peter the Great, at the close of the seventeenth century, inaugurated the warfare of Russia against Turkey by launching his tiny fleet on the Black Sea and capturing Azov, no such long interval as the present—thirty-two years—has elapsed without a Russian attack upon the Ottoman realm. After the humiliating Peace of Paris, which closed the Crimean War, Russia took only twenty-one years to gather strength for a fresh invasion, which carried her armies to the gates of Constantinople. The Crimean war came only twenty-four years after the advance of Diebitsch across the Balkans to Adrianople, which consummated the great act of the deliverance of Greece. So it has been going on for two hundred years, but now the Russian Panslavist himself can hardly fail to realize that the dream of the White Czar seated on the throne of Mohammed II is likely to remain a dream. The "sick man" has been allowed another lease of life, and who knows what fresh vigor may yet be infused into his system through Young Turkish blood? Another crossing of the Balkans by a Gurko or a Skobeleff may be something that the future has in store, but it would seem to be a distant future. In the meanwhile Russia has not moved her frontier forward in this direction for about a hundred years. In 1812, the year of Napoleon's invasion, it was advanced to the Pruth, and it is still the River Pruth that bounds the realm of the Czars. If ever again the Russian hosts should march toward the Bosphorus, it is not unlikely that the advance will be made from the side of Asia Minor. Russia may be biding her time. She will have to wait till Europe sees what a rejuvenated Turkey can accomplish—and that is a long way off.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, June 21.

It is becoming more and more customary in the Scandinavian countries to bring out neat and inexpensive editions of books in a series. The well-known house of Gyldendal, in Copenhagen, recently started a new series called Ugens Billigste Bog (The Cheapest Book of the Week), which includes many good works, some by standard authors. These are printed on excellent paper and in clear type and are offered at an extremely low price. Series of this kind are highly appreciated by the public. Another Danish firm lately started the publication of a series called Mennesker i Litteraturens, Kunstens, Politikens og Videnskabens Tjeneste (Men in the Service of Literature, Art, Politics, and Science), which so far includes three volumes, dealing with the life and work of Holger Drachmann, Henrik Ibsen, and Viggo Hörup. The biography of Drachmann is written by the eminent Danish literary critic, Valdemar Vedel, and gives, in the space of a little more than 100 pages, a striking picture of the happy singer who never lost his enthusiasm and joy of life and who did not even with his gray hairs grow old in spirit. The Norwegian critic, Just Bing, has attempted to write the biography of Henrik Ibsen, the grand and dominating figure in our literary history, but without remarkable success. It is impossible in less than 100 pages to give a full and clear idea of the famous Norwegian poet, and in spite of many good characterizations and the author's indisputable critical ability Mr. Bing's book suffers from the lack of space to explain and develop. The third volume of the series is devoted to a sketch of the great Danish editor and politician, Viggo Hörup. It is written by Erik Henrichsen and is correct and trustworthy, but the style is rather dry and academical. Still the work attracts our interest, chiefly, perhaps, because of the interest of the subject. Hörup, who died eight years ago, was the foremost newspaper man in Denmark, owing to his brilliant linguistic and polemical faculties. But he was also one of the foremost of politicians, a member of Parliament, and one of the leaders of the Radical party. His ability to think in a logical manner, to express clearly and in a convincing way what he thought, his sharp tongue, his sneering and slashing witticisms, his courage and endurance—all contributed to make him appreciated by his adherents and feared but respected by his opponents. Hörup, so to speak, remade the Danish Radical party, and shortly before his death was chosen a member of the first Liberal Cabinet in Denmark. Among other biographies which the series is about to bring forth may be mentioned Björnstjerne Björnson, Edvard Grieg, Ludvig Holberg, Sven Hedin, and Sören Kierkegaard. The price is only kr. 1.50 a volume (about 40 cents), and the series seems already to have attracted considerable popular interest.

In the beginning of May, Mr. Roosevelt delivered his Nobel-lecture at Christiania on the peace-movement, and naturally since that time the subject has been taken up by the people of Norway with even greater interest than before. That is probably the main reason why the book by Thomas Thrap, called "Krigen's logik" ("The Logic of Warfare"), has attracted so much attention. It has been widely read and was reviewed in the principal journals by noted men, among them the ex-foreign minister of Norway, J. Lövland. The book is written in a clear style and is remarkable

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for its conciseness of thought and its original ideas. The author does not believe very strongly in the measures so far adopted to put an end to the possibility of war between nations; he takes a skeptical view of peace-conferences, treaties of arbitration, diplomats' manœuvres, and the like. He does uphold as being of the highest importance the provision of some kind of international code of laws for the settlement of international disagreements. But he argues that this alone would not be sufficient; there would be needed a "court of police," a power with authority and respect, that could enforce the code's regulations. (The same idea that Mr. Roosevelt mentioned in his Nobel-lecture).

The noted Danish literary critic, Vilhelm Andersen, published recently a collection of posthumous papers of Holger Drachmann, called "Vagabundus." They make an interesting book, consisting of fragments, sketches, and rough draughts, many of which possess to the full the best qualities of Drachmann's more finished writings. The tone of the book is well characterized by a reviewer in the Norwegian *Morgenbladet:*

> Sadness is the keynote of "Vagabundus," sadness concerning things done which were better left undone and concerning things neglected which were better attended to, sadness for all the evil and pain in the world, sadness because there are so many things among men which ought to be otherwise. But in spite of the sadness that fills the lines we seem to catch a glimpse of the consolation which the poet finds in his belief that he after all is worth more than those who are so ready to condemn him.

It is a book full of subtle poetry and sad reflection, a book which will win new friends for Drachmann's inspiring art.

About two months ago, there was published in Copenhagen an anonymous book under the title of "Kvindehjarter" ("The Hearts of Women"). It attracted wide comment, and has so far appeared in no less than eight editions. The papers busied themselves trying to guess who was the author of the work, and finally came to the conclusion that it was written by a noted Danish actress and a Danish lady as joint authors. "Kvindehjarter" is the correspondence between two women who fill their letters with confidential communications concerning love and men, and, especially, with outpourings of their own sexual impulses and wants. It would be a gross injustice to maintain that the letter-writers are typical examples of present-day womanhood, for the words with which one of them characterizes herself will undoubtedly seem true to every sound reader of the book: "I am so poisoned and infected that I ought to be thrown on the nearest dunghill." But it certainly is no good sign that a sensational work like this—which is even written in a tedious and superficial manner—should find eager readers in all the Scandinavian countries and be published in so many editions. It seems to indicate that the taste of readers in the North is coming under the influence of the French decadent novelists.

Following the death of the great Norwegian poet and patriot, Björnstjerne Björnson, the publication of a so-called *mindeutgave* (memorial edition) of his collected works was started. It will appear in sixty-six parts, and the price will be only thirty öre (about eight cents) a part. Thousands of subscribers have already sent in their names, and the number is growing every day. No man was more loved in Norway than Björnson, and no books are read with more interest and greater delight than his. He was so typically Norwegian and his countrymen understood him so well that "to mention his name was like unfurling the Norwegian flag."

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the June *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Buxton Forman has an article on the "Pleasures of a Book-Man," and tells of some of his "finds" as a book-collector. Among other books he describes his copy of the "Divine Poems" of Edmund Waller, London, 1685, "of which," he says, "I know no extant copy save that in my own library." The book is rare, but three copies, at least, are in the United States. There is a copy (formerly Almon W. Griswold's) in the Hoe library, another (formerly Marshall C. Leffert's) is in the library of John H. Wrenn of Chicago, and a third is owned by Beverly Chew, long a student and collector of Waller's writings. Thomas J. Wise, the English collector, has a copy, thus making five altogether.

At Sotheby's sale of June 28, of the library of Thomas Grey, £195 was paid for the copy of the little tract in verse by Benjamin Thompson: "New England's Crisis; or a Brief Narrative of New England's Lamentable Estate at present, compar'd with the former (but few) Years of Prosperity, occasioned by many unheard of Crueltys practised upon the Persons and Estates of its United Colonyes, without respect to Sex, Age or Quality of Persons by the Barbarous Heathen thereof; Poetically described by a Well-wisher to his Country. Boston, printed and sold by John Foster over against the Signe of the Dove, 1676." As the only copy previously known lacks the title-page, we have transcribed it in full as given in the catalogue. The poem was reprinted from the imperfect copy in the Boston Athenæum by the Club of Odd Volumes in 1894.

A small quarto volume containing five pamphlets: Higginson's "New England's Plantation, or a Short and True Description of the Commodities and Discommodities of that Countrey," London, 1630 (the first of three editions); Vincent's "True Relation of the Late Battell fought in New England between the English and the Salvages," London, 1637 (the first of three editions); John Eliot's "Late and Further Manifestation of the Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England," 1655; Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England," 1671; and Lederer's "Discoveries in Three Several Marches from Virginia to the West of Carolina," 1672, with the leaf of License, brought £510.

"The Most Excellent Treatise of the Three Kynges of Cologne," printed by Wynken de Worde, but without date, brought £110 at the same sale.

The collection of Dutch manuscripts relating to New Netherlands, which was described at length in the *Nation* for June 9 as to be sold at auction on June 16 and 17 by Frederick Muller of Amsterdam, brought 5,100 guilders (about $2,040). The collection, the auctioneers state, was purchased by an American who is unwilling that his name should be made public.

On July 11 Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge sell the libraries of Col. Hargreaves and Sir Daniel Cooper. Included are complete sets of the *Sporting Magazine, Annals of Sporting, Racing Calendar, Sporting Review*, etc.; also first editions of Thackeray and Dickens and a collection of scientific books from the library of C. Ditter of Frankfort-on-Main. The H. S. Buckley copy of the First Folio Shakespeare appears once more in this sale. This copy, which is a very good one, measuring thirteen by eight and one-eighth inches, has all the leaves genuine. The verses by Ben Jonson, preceding title, are remargined, and the portrait on title has been repaired, but other imperfections are trifling. It is in an old straight-grained red morocco binding, ascribed to Roger Payne. When sold at Sotheby's on May 31, 1907 it brought £2,400.

Correspondence.

"WICKET" IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our American historians and antiquarians have paid too little attention to the secular amusements, recreations, and sports of our colonial forefathers. It is true that the theatre, the opera, and the celebration of Pope Day (November 5) have attracted students; but with those exceptions, there has apparently been little systematic effort made to trace the history of secular amusements in this country. Thus, one looks in vain in the three most elaborate city histories yet published—the "Memorial History of Boston," the "Memorial History of the City of New York," and Scharf and Westcott's "History of Philadelphia"—for adequate information about baseball, cricket, or horse-racing. Yet as early as 1726 "wicket" was played on Boston Common; the "customs" at Harvard College in 1735 declared that "Freshmen are to find the rest of the scholars with bats, balls, and footballs"; on April 29, 1751, an international—if one may be allowed that adjective—cricket match "was play'd according to the London Method" in New York between New Yorkers and Londoners; horse races were by no means uncommon still earlier; and in the seventeenth century football, stool ball, and other games were practised. In addition, festivities were held on the anniversaries of royal marriages, of the birthday, accession, and coronation of the

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King, etc. In short, life in the colonies was not—even in New England—all fasts, thanksgivings, and church-going.

May I call attention through your columns to an interesting paper on "The Old-Time Game of Wicket and Some Old-Time Wicket Players," read by Mr. George Dudley Seymour of New Haven before the Connecticut Society of Colonial Wars, and reprinted from the second volume of its Proceedings? In an article on "Pallone, the National Game of Italy," in the *Century* for August, 1907, Dr. F. J. Mather, jr., said that "the pallone looks like a huge baseball," and stated that he had "seen its like in Columbia County, N. Y., where, twenty years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was still played." Why Dr. Mather regarded the game as Dutch does not appear, and Mr. Seymour has no difficulty in showing that it is of English origin, indeed "is essentially the noble old English game of cricket." The first glimpse we get, under the guidance of Mr. Seymour, of wicket in this country brings before us a vivid picture of a celebrated figure in Massachusetts history. In 1726 Sam Hirst—then not quite three years out of Harvard—was living with his grandfather, Chief Justice Samuel Sewall. On March 15 Sam "got up betimes," "before anybody was up," "left the door open," "came not to prayer," and "went into the Comon to play at Wicket." Whereat the good judge "was much displeased"; and when Sam repeated the offence two days later, the judge "told him he could not lodge here practising thus. So he lodged elsewhere." Cotton Mather perhaps regarded Sam's early death (in 1727) as a judgment on the "wicket" game in which he indulged.

Speaking of the match game between the New Yorkers and Londoners in 1751, Mr. Seymour says that cricket "apparently gained no foothold in New York." This would seem to be a mistake, for in an advertisement headed "To the Cricket Clubs" printed in the New York *Independent Journal* of April 19, 1786, James Rivington stated that he had "batts and balls to sell"; and in an advertisement headed "Cricket Club" in the New York *Daily Gazette* of April 20, 1789, it was announced that "the first Meeting for the present Season will be at the Old Grounds on Thursday, the 7th of May next."

Mr. Seymour has succeeded in collecting a surprising amount of information about a game now nearly obsolete, and the reminiscences he gives of old wicketers are of great interest. The most famous contest in the annals of the game took place at Bristol, Conn., in 1859, which was attended by more than 4,000 people. It is to be hoped that Mr. Seymour's admirable paper will encourage other students to give us the history of other games.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, June 24.

AN ANNUAL LURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Towards the close of each scholastic year the notice of the dwindling number of aspirants to the academic career is directed by authority to a much coveted bounty, termed "Teaching Fellowships." The treble opportunity afforded by these stipends for the prosecution of advanced study and acquisition of pedagogical experience, together with a substantial contribution towards the material support, would be wholly creditable to the generous spirit which, on the whole, characterizes the higher educational policies of this country, were it not for two questionable uses to which, more and more, this form of academic bounty is put. In the first place, the teaching fellowships serve to force up, by a species of bribe, the graduate attendance at certain universities so ill equipped for graduate work that their very participation in it must tend to dilute and vitiate the quality as well as reputation of American scholarship. Worse than this, in some institutions the teaching fellows are utilized to furnish to undergraduates elementary, intermediate, and even advanced instruction at a price cheap beyond the dreams of administrative avarice.

It will hardly do to ward off the charge by any reference to the student's freedom of choosing his own university. Under the dragnet system of competition for students, the small fry will naturally be hauled in the finer-meshed web. Also, even the little fishes prefer to bite the hook that is baited. Unfortunately, the mischief done *to* the teaching fellow as student is but half the story. The other half is the mischief done *by* him in his capacity of teacher. By the system of teaching fellowships at certain Western and Southern institutions, the high-school graduate is delivered from the hands of skilled and experienced teachers to the tender mercies of juvenile pedagogical experimenters, who are compensated for their educational exertions at a rate fairly proportioned, hour for hour, to the pay of a bricklayer or stone-mason.

In substantiation of my contention that a surrogate graduate school may be built up to the presumable detriment of both graduate and undergraduate students, I quote from the special announcement of one of our minor universities, widely circulated each year among prospective college graduates:

> The —— University offers graduate courses leading to the degrees of doctor of philosophy, master of arts, master of science, etc. Graduates of approved colleges may take any of these, upon payment of laboratory fees and a matriculation fee of $10. The university offers for the coming year, in the graduate department:
>
> (a.) Six teaching fellowships, worth $250, with free tuition, one each in Greek, Latin, history, physics, German, and mathematics.
>
> (b.) The alumni fellowship, worth $250, with free tuition, available in any department.
>
> (c.) The —— fellowship in economics, worth $175 [!], with free tuition.
>
> (d.) —— scholarships, two in number, open to graduate students, worth, each, $89.90 [marked down from $90?], with free tuition.
>
> These fellowships, except the alumni fellowship, are not open to women. Holders of fellowships may be required to teach as much as four hours weekly; not more.

It may be inferred, from the circular, that at the university in question freshmen and sophomores may, by a combination of circumstances, take eight courses of instruction, the total cost of which, to the university, shall amount to less than two thousand dollars in salaries.

OTTO HELLER.

Washington University, St. Louis, June 22.

WHISTLER'S LITTLE WHITE GIRL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the recent controversy, in which Mr. Pennell took a conspicuous part, some misapprehension may arise by the loan of my picture by Whistler (Symphony in White No. II, The Little White Girl) to an exhibition, of which the catalogue recognizes the authorization of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's biography.

I write to explain that the picture was lent in ignorance of the contents of the catalogue.

ARTHUR STUDD.

London, June 20.

ANGLING VERSUS FISHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of June 23, on the two classes of fishermen, suggested the following:

He who upon the water casts his fly
With four-ounce rod, and takes no trout thereby,
He—fine, exalted mortal!—is an angler.
Who uses hempen cord and heavy tackle,
And baits his hook with squirming garden hackle,
Is lost to reason—just a low-down mangler.
Thus Simple Simon, fishing in a tub,
Judged from his catch, an angler was and true,
But stern tradition says (and there's the rub),
He always used a heavy line and grub!
So which was he? I put the choice to you.

SUBSCRIBER.

New York, June 29.

TEACHING SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The notions concerning high school teaching obtained from my own college courses in pedagogy have been wholly replaced by a few that are the results of experience, however heterodox they may be. Thus, in teaching Shakespeare's plays to class sections that average thirty students, I have found that some definite requirement was necessary for each recitation. When the naturally indolent student understood that he should be called on daily for some definite points, he soon began to study methodically. It is this class of students—and where the percentage of boys is high it is a large group—that will make no preparation if the class hour is taken up largely with general discussion and oral reading. For their benefit lessons should be assigned carefully, and all should be required to study daily the important points of textual criticism. Although little can be done on it in the classroom, the memorizing of well-known passages should form a large part of the required work of the term.

It proved profitable at the opening of each class hour to require some student to outline extemporaneously the action of the scene assigned for the day's reading. When this plan is followed, the entire class is ready to make minor corrections, so that as a result each one gets a clear notion of the entire action. The same course can be followed with reference to the characters presented in the scene. Here an opportunity is given for the better student to show originality, while there is enough fact demanded to keep the attention of the less interested. This will hold true as well in the written character sketches and in the other written work required throughout the year. The latter part of the hour was usually given to the textual criticism and

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to occasional oral reading of the conversational passages.

The amount of oral reading and of general discussion advisable seems to depend largely upon the size and temper of the particular class group. The decision regarding this must lie in the discretion of the teacher, provided first that the routine requirements for preparation are strong enough to enforce interest from the less responsible students. It is true that many will be eager to discuss the questions of characterization and of the proper presentation of various parts on the stage, questions that are of greater interest to the teacher personally. But when these discussions will not hold the poorer students the routine requirements must be at hand in order to bring their interest back to Shakespeare from the interesting diversions open to students in any classroom. Their behavior depends upon their interest, and their interest in turn depends upon a knowledge of what is going on about them. For this reason I believe that the more intellectual criticism must always be subordinated in high-school work to routine requirements that tend to develop self-control of mind and of body. If high-school courses are to prepare for life rather than for college, here is where the emphasis must be placed in order to do the greater service.

DAVID H. STEVENS.

Evanston, Ill., June 27.

Literature.

AMERICAN MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

Fifty Years in Constantinople, and Recollections of Robert College. By George Washburn, D.D. Boston. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Fifty-three Years in Syria. By Henry H. Jessup. Two volumes. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $5 net.

Among the influences which have led to the awakening of Turkey one of the most potent has been the work of the American missions and, especially, the American educational missions. At the outset mission boards frowned upon educational work other than Sunday-schools and Bible classes. A resolution passed at the annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions in 1856, declared that the only work of the missionary was "the oral utterance of the Gospel in public or private." Robert College was a protest, originating with the missionaries, against this narrow conception. Two young men, James and William Dwight, graduates of Yale College, the second generation of a family renowned in the annals of American missions in Turkey, devised a scheme for "founding a school at Constantinople, not in any way connected with the Mission and tolerant of the religious prejudice of the natives." In 1857, they laid their plan before Christopher R. Robert, a New York merchant. Mr. Robert was treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society, an organization which, in connection with its work in the newer States of the West, had been led to realize the need of providing or helping to provide schools for the children of the settlers. He had visited Constantinople during the Crimean war, and made there the acquaintance of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, a man of striking force and originality, part of whose missionary activity had taken the practical form of furnishing the British hospitals and soldiers with bread, thus incidentally teaching Constantinople how to make real bread, and raising to that extent its material standard of civilization. Dr. Hamlin regarded the anti-educational policy of the American board as suicidal, but, on the other hand, he objected strongly to the idea of a school without religion, as "an inexplicable anomaly in Constantinople" which "would be regarded as a trap to cheat the devil."

Mr. Robert was interested in the plan for a school proposed by the Dwights, but agreed with Dr. Hamlin rather than with them as to the character it should assume; and when, two years later, they abandoned their plan, he called on Dr. Hamlin to join with him in "founding a Christian college in Constantinople." To these two men, to the quiet, relatively little known merchant of New York, who out of his not great means, with steadfast faith and much personal sacrifice, financed the enterprise almost alone, until the day of his death, and to the fervid missionary from Maine, odd mixture of eccentricity and practical sense, who worked for years with brain and hand, circumventing French opposition and Turkish obstructiveness to obtain the necessary permit, building and showing workmen how to build, and last, but not least inspiring young Orientals with character—to these two men, Robert College of Constantinople owes its origin, as an incorporation of the State of New York (1864) and part of the University of that State.

Under the title "Fifty Years in Constantinople," Dr. Hamlin's son-in-law, Dr. Washburn, second president of the college, has told the really wonderful story of this institution in the form of personal recollections. From the outset Robert College met with bitter opposition, first from the French combined with the Papal authorities, because it was Protestant and by its use of the English language fostered English influence in Turkey; then, when French influence waned, from Russia; and when German influence superseded Russia at the Sublime Porte, from Germany, whose Emperor consistently gave his support to the corrupt camarilla of Abdul Hamid; sometimes from the Greek and Armenian hierarchies, and at all times, until the revolution of 1908, from the Turkish Government. That the college secured a charter at all was due in part to a chance visit of Admiral Farragut on a ship of war. One of the immediate results of its establishment was the erection, under French influence, of a grand *Lycée* by the Turkish Government; and, indeed, one of the most important effects of its influence has been the compulsion it has put upon the natives, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, to establish or improve their own educational institutions. Neither Turks, Greeks, nor Armenians could prohibit the attendance of their young men in such institutions as Robert College, unless they were ready themselves to provide some sort of education which could be regarded as an equivalent. These numerous schools, maintained at a relatively high grade, did much to bring about that enlightenment, the effects of which were seen in the revolution of 1908.

Almost from the start, through the influence of one of its early professors, Dr. Albert L. Long, who had been a missionary in Bulgaria, Robert College attracted Bulgarian students; and their education enabled them to found an independent state and set that example of self-government which has exerted so marked an influence on the Turkish Empire. To-day the college is best known in the East for its relation to Bulgarian education and Bulgarian independence. Magnificently situated on the Bosphorus, it is often pointed out to visitors as the institution which made Bulgaria free. It is a commentary on the provincialism of Americans and the American Government that, in spite of the great work accomplished by Robert College and the great influence exerted by it in the East, it was a few years ago almost unknown in America outside of missionary circles, even a Secretary of State so progressive and so broad-minded as Mr. Bayard being unaware of its existence and its history. Naturally, under such conditions, the American Government did not always give it that diplomatic support which is so necessary in a country like Turkey; and, had it not been for the keen interest of England, it might have fared ill at times with Robert College. This obligation does not prevent Dr. Washburn from telling frankly the truth with regard to Oriental politics, even where that truth reflects heavily on England, as it often does.

The book is extremely interesting and valuable to the student of European politics, as well as to the student of education, on account of the part which Robert College, as well as its president, Dr. Washburn, played in Turkey during the difficult period of the Bulgarian and Armenian massacres, the Russian-Turkish War, and, in general, through the whole troubled reign of Abdul-Hamid, of whose problems and policies he presents in the introduction a fair and discriminating study.

Dr. Jessup's story of missions in Syria is of quite a different character. Dr.

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Washburn represents the statesmanlike, scholarly aspect of missions. Dr. Jessup is the fervent evangelist, full of zeal for the conversion of souls, often narrow in his point of view, but withal a singularly capable, well rounded man, as the successful missionary must needs be. The two men commenced their missionary careers at about the same time, and they represent, in more ways than one, the two great centres of American missionary effort in the Turkish Empire, Constantinople and Beirut, the former the headquarters for the Turkish-speaking portions of the empire, the other for the Arabic. Originally both centres were under the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, in which were combined Congregationalists, New School Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed. But in 1870, the New School and Old School Presbyterians, having formed a union, decided to establish their own mission work, and, accordingly, the work of the A. B. C. F. M. in Turkey was divided, that part lying in the Turkish-speaking portions of the empire being retained by the Congregationalists, that part lying in Arabic-speaking Syria being handed over to the Presbyterians. Later the Dutch Reformed also started their own mission in Arabia.

Dr. Jessup's book is a work of extraordinary interest. He belonged to the second generation of American missionaries in Turkey. With Dr. Bliss, afterward president of the Syrian-Protestant College of Beirut, and others, he sailed from this country to Smyrna in a sailing bark which carried a cargo of New England rum—missionaries and liquor being the two contributions which America appeared ready to make to the East. Dr. James S. Dennis, himself formerly a missionary in Beirut and author of "The History of Missions," has furnished an introduction to this book, which, if we might quote it in full, would be the best summary of its contents. It contains "annals of church growth and organization in Syria, and the touching and often deeply stirring accounts of the experiences of individual converts, some of whom were martyrs, and all of whom passed through spiritual struggles, or endured cruel mockings and harassing persecutions, lend a living interest to the record." There is an abundance of "anecdote and incident" to enliven the story. These incidents, be it said, are sometimes sad "chronicles of persecution, spoliation, civil war, and massacre." The most tragic episode of the book is the massacre of the Christians in the Lebanon and Damascus in 1860. Dr. Jessup lays the burden of original responsibility for the disturbances resulting in those massacres on the Maronite hierarchy. According to him, it was they who provoked the outbreak by first attacking the Druses. It was rather the Turks than the Druses who were responsible for the massacres and plundering which ensued, especially in Damascus. Throughout the book, he displays distinct antagonism to the Maronites, and his picture of the conditions of the northern Lebanon, where the Maronite priesthood seems to exert complete control at the present time, is anything but pleasant.

Dr. Jessup is at times very sharp in his criticism of missionary methods and the obstructiveness and lack of faith of home boards. Little by little the stipends of the missionaries in Syria seem, from his account, to have been reduced, while the price of living has gone up, until at the present time it would be impossible for the missionaries to live in ordinary decency if they did not have means of their own. He criticises severely the self-seeking policy of the foreign Powers, especially England, which have fostered for their own advantage evil conditions in the Turkish Empire; yet he holds that empire itself to be a curse in the East. So, referring to the expulsion of Ibrahim Pasha from Syria and Palestine and the restoration of those regions to Turkish rule (Vol. I, p. 60), he says:

> But for the interference of England, the Egyptian dynasty would have subdued the whole Turkish empire. While Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria there was universal security, and a better government than had been known for centuries. On his departure, things returned to their old course. Again, in the Crimean War, England saved the Turkish empire from destruction. It did the same at the close of the Bulgarian war, after the treaty at St. Stephano. And it may be said that in 1861, by insisting on the evacuation of Syria by the French army of occupation, it again saved Syria to the Turk. And yet the Turks do not love the English!

Dr. Jessup was a most important power in the missionary work in Syria. He was, too, a man of affairs, of many interests, sometimes in somewhat unexpected directions, as, for instance, the geology of the country. The book itself is in part a diary, in part it consists of the histories of the different missionaries who have labored in the Syrian field from the beginning down to the present time. It is full of narratives, often strange and even romantic, of individual converts and non-converts, who have come under his observation, and of discussions of all sorts of themes of interest from the educational or missionary, or even political, standpoint. The second volume closes with tabulated statements, constituting a history of the Syrian mission in all its ramifications, a wonderful exhibit of progress.

This book proved to be Dr. Jessup's last work and his last word. Shortly after its publication the cable brought news of his death at the age of seventy-eight in Syria, where he had labored for fifty-three years, refusing various offers of what would be commonly regarded as more important, and certainly more comfortable, positions in his native land, a typical foreign missionary.

CURRENT FICTION.

Bianca's Daughter. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

If the author's idea of supreme beauty is at all like the illustrator's, he speaks something too much of the amazing personal charms of Bianca's daughter. But we do not take it there has been collusion between scribbler and draughtsman; anything of the sort would be quite out of order in this day. On second thought, one fancies the picture as slyly expressing the artist's revulsion against the author's raptures. The most beautiful woman that ever lived can hardly be born too often, but it is hard to credit her reincarnations on the strength of hearsay. The mother, Bianca, was a lovely Italian who had married a harsh and mean-hearted Englishman. Presently a man comes into her life with whom she might have experienced the fierce happiness for which her nature cries out. A blameless intimacy springs up, which is shattered by the husband's suspicion and anger. To punish her, he takes away her six-months-old child. This is too much: she flies to her lover, and with him passes one heart-brokenly happy year before she dies. These are the antecedents of Vittoria Fleming's own romance. Her father brings her up in the strictest seclusion, but, with the fatuity of such fathers, allows her a coming-out in New York—at the very moment, of course, when she is ripe for romantic adventure. Here, in due time, she meets Richard Blake. They at once show an interest in each other which is a shock to all observers, for Richard is the son of the man who had been her mother's lover. Hence the complications which ensue. The young pair are ignorant of the facts until enlightened by the injured and infuriated Fleming. In the first shock of discovery Vittoria promises her father that she will never marry Blake. She has already, in a moment of pique, engaged herself to a middle-aged author; so that she is doubly withheld from young Blake. But such difficulties are nothing to your novelist—except as they offer material for his adroitness. Matters are adjusted after some more or less conventional pother, in the course of which the tyrant Fleming turns out to be a feeble monster, and the elder Blake, the ex-lover of Bianca, has the last word. Something is intimated as to a New York and Connecticut setting, but the words London and ——shire may be substituted at will. Hardly in English fiction, however, would the main proposition be tolerated—that "what God denied for those two, long ago, he was storing up for the younger

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generation—for her daughter and for his son." It is idle to try to build a pretty little romance upon such a situation.

Country Neighbors. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Brown's wine needs no bush: here she has drawn from an older and riper vintage than has been her habit of late. These tales, as the title of the group suggests, have to do with those New England rural types and motives of which she long ago proved herself the interpreter. We use the definite article advisedly. Miss Brown's plane is her own—quite distinct from that inhabited by the fancy of Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins. No one has a more minute knowledge of the New England dialect and habit of mind; but the merit of Miss Brown's work does not consist in its realism. On the contrary, she is essentially romantic, and her charm lies in her ability to discern and to convey the romance which underlies the stern New England temperament and the superficially dull village life. Read together, there is a quaint monotony in these stories. The prevailing theme is the romance of middle age. The lone spinster and the lone bachelor or widower, neighboring innocently through long years, and at last awaking to belated recognition of their mutual need; the man who has left the countryside in youth, and returns to mate with the faded woman with whom, long ago, he has kept company; the husband who, on the edge of old age, is brought to the realization that his wife means more to his heart of hearts than the drudge his will has made her: such are the simple and familiar themes of these tales. "A Flower of April," to be sure, is a study of that strange, austere romance of a spinsterhood which is born to lavish itself upon flowers and domestic animals; and "Gardener Jim" is the story of a reunion of two maiden sisters who have lived side by side without "speaking" for thirty years—that odd form of feud with which the New England conscience is still able to reconcile itself.

Whatever her theme, Miss Brown is able to invest it with a gentle and unstrained sentiment for which the reader of the "up-to-date" and the morbid must be unflaggingly grateful.

The Gold Trail. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The story of a young Englishman, Weston by name, who quarrelled with his family and went to Canada to make his fortune. He was a long time doing it. In fact, his progress was not material until his employer, Stirling, a railway contractor, became interested in him. This interest grew out of the fact that Weston, while acting as packer on a camping trip, fell in love with Stirling's daughter. Stirling had such confidence in his daughter's judgment that he accepted her partiality to Weston as a guarantee of the young man's worth. After a while the latter found a gold mine, and succeeded, after many troubles, in developing it, though not without Stirling's assistance. By that time Weston and the girl had arranged matters satisfactorily to all concerned.

The story wanders from one end of Canada to the other and even makes an excursion to England, but in spite of the changes of scene it is remarkably uneventful. There are two or three ordinary camping trips, some in British Columbia, others in the eastern bush. During one of the first, there is a mountain-climbing adventure of a pale and artificial sort, in which Weston does some heroic scrambling, but it leaves us unmoved. On another he shoots some rapids with Miss Stirling, and the description of this makes us curious as to how much white-water Mr. Bindloss has been through, otherwise than as a passenger. Between these camping trips Weston works at track-grading and gold-hunting. But he always comes back to her. Now and then, under the stimulus of her presence, he becomes poetic. He speaks, for instance, of "the sound of running water in the honey-scented shade"; and in the next line says to her, "You have seen the big white peaks gleam against the creeping night." Yet there is no record of his having read Kipling to any extent.

The Life of Me. By Ethel Shackelford. New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

"Me" is a baby. Among many infant biographies, we do not recall one which comes so close as this to the pulse of that extraordinary machine, the wondering, logical, clinging, merciless, ungrateful, adorable heart of a baby. This particular baby had its particular mission in life, which was to convince his mother that he was worth while. She was a very modern mother who had given up things for the baby, things like piano-playing and singing. Her nerves were modern, too, but fortunately she had an unescapable human nature, and a conscience. An unflinching doctor helped her with her nerves, and the baby continued her education. We leave her doing very well, though not yet an ideal mother. Meantime the baby has treated us to a survey of the relations between "small helpless persons" and "un-playing up-growns," as searching as it is amusing.

The book is padded out into a story by sundry episodes that sit with varying degrees of success upon the main discourse. The chapter about the lovely actress lady is wholly insipid and irrelevant. The affair of Cousin Martha's second marriage has at least a hyphenated connection with the main narrative and is in parts diverting. But where the book, like the baby, is thoroughly worth while is in its far from superficial suggestion, and in the history of the baby's relations with the universe: relations simple and direct with his father as becomes man and man; with his nurse more complex, being in the nature of co-conspirator where he is necessarily and complacently a silent partner. Toward jam, he is frankly acquisitive. With toys, especially their eyes, analytic. With dogs and their dinners, democratic. With his mother, he is the man-baby, a cuddler, a tyrant, an educator, a knight.

THE FLEET AT QUEBEC.

The Logs of the Conquest of Canada. Edited, with an Introduction, by Lieut.-Col. William Wood. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

When Dr. Arthur Doughty, the present Dominion Archivist, published his monumental "Siege of Quebec" in 1901-2, it was felt that the last word had been said on this epoch. So far as the land forces were concerned, this is no doubt still true. But there remained to be told the full story of the part taken by the fleet in the memorable conflict, and that story we now owe to Col. William Wood. From more than one point of view his book is a remarkable achievement. It was to be expected that the author of "The Fight for Canada" could weave the incidents of the naval side of the British conquest of Canada into a narrative at once scholarly and intensely interesting; but the task Col. Wood set himself was much more difficult. It was to edit the logs of the ships engaged in the three campaigns of Louisburg (1758), Quebec (1759), and Montreal (1760); and, as he says in his preface, "nothing is drier than a ship's log, not even Statutes at Large or the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." Even the one redeeming feature, the log of some great sea fight, was missing in this case, as no naval battles formed part of the conflict for Canada. Yet Col. Wood has apparently achieved the impossible; or, let us say, he has proved that even a ship's log must respond to the touch of a master hand. There was a time when the Battle of the Plains was believed to be a victory for Wolfe and his army, and for them alone. Later there was a more or less reluctant admission that some credit must be allowed to the supporting fleet. Now Col. Wood gives us a new point of view. He establishes, beyond dispute, the fact that Admiral Saunders, "whose great fleet was working out one phase of a world-wide amphibious war, was supported by Wolfe, whose small army was used as a local landing party at Quebec." There is nothing in this to detract from the glory of the great general. The final victory must still be ascribed to the

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genius of Wolfe; but it was founded upon the perfect coöperation of the army and the navy; and the preponderating factor in the united service was the navy, not the army. Without Wolfe and his men, the conquest of Canada would have been delayed. Without the fleet, Wolfe must have failed.

Valuable as the logs are intrinsically, Col. Wood's introduction is perhaps of even greater importance. He divides it into five chapters, and in them discusses every aspect of his subject. "The British Empire," he says, "is mainly the result of the Great Imperial War, that is, of the long series of wars between 1688 and 1815, in which France was the main opponent and sea-power the main determinant. The most imperial of all these wars was the Seven Years' War. The most important British part of the Seven Years' War was rightly called the Maritime War. The most important event in the Maritime War was the conquest of Canada. And the most important factor in the conquest of Canada was the British navy." Upon this solid foundation Col. Wood builds his argument, bringing to bear an immense amount of material on the relations of the navy to the Empire, and the imperial forces as a whole, as well as to the navies of other countries. He sketches its history and development, its equipment, its points of superiority and inferiority to the French and other navies, its personnel, the character of the men and their officers, of the great sea captains who shared in the victories of Louisburg and Quebec, and, above all, of the master mind which planned the conquest of Canada. "Wolfe was the point, Saunders the blade of the Empire's sword on the Plains of Abraham: but the hilt and hand were Pitt." His characterization of Pitt is worth quoting for its own sake:

> He had his faults as a statesman; but they were very few, and his mistakes were never irreparable. He was a little theatrical in manner and rather vindictive towards the Bourbons. But he knew how to exert British amphibious power in every direction and combination where it could be decisive. He rose above all pettiness when the occasion demanded it; and his virtues far surpassed those of any other statesman of the empire. He roused England to the highest patriotism; he touched the heart and imagination of the Celts and oversea British as they never had been touched from London before, or have been since; he understood, as no one else ever had, what a British commonwealth of empire ought to be; he knew all the relations between the civil and military resources of the people he led to victory, all the importance of sea-power, all the combined force of a United Service, all the true functions of the army; and—his crowning virtue as a minister of war—he knew and practised the supreme art of controlling operations without interfering with their execution.

Following the initial chapter on the Maritime War, Col. Wood devotes the remainder of his introduction to a discussion of the successive phases of the campaign in Canada, Louisburg, the St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal. The remainder of the volume is given to the logs, or, to be more explicit, to selections from the logs. "Only the most important days of the most important ships are selected; but these have been carefully chosen to corroborate and supplement each other, so as to illustrate the history of the conquest from the naval point of view." Additional equipment is provided, in the shape of a bibliography and cartography.

A History of Secondary Education in Scotland. By John Strong, M.A., F.R.S.E. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

The annals of secondary education in Scotland are long and to trace the story through a dozen centuries requires a groundwork of thorough study. Professor Strong has the necessary equipment, as is indicated by the numerous references that enable the student of education to work still deeper in any phase of the subject, by the appropriate selection of original sources interwoven into the narrative, and by the thoroughness with which he has delved into public and private source-material in order to illuminate each topic of investigation with the proper light of history.

From the point of view of secondary school history, the monograph is a valuable addition to the limited literature of that field. The starting-point is the year 563 A. D., when Columba founded the monastery at Iona, which, as a centre of ecclesiasticism, exercised an influence second only to its influence as an educational centre. Hither came the young from Scotland, England, and Ireland, and even from Scandinavia, to acquire the learning and study the discipline of the Columban church. Education in Scotland, as elsewhere in Europe, was for centuries closely associated with the church, and the central aim of the schools was the dissemination of church teaching and dogma. During the period of Catholic supremacy three factors—the parish, the monastery, and the diocese—helped to establish schools that are represented by the various types of secondary schools found in Scotland in the later part of her educational history. The place of the parish and the burgh, or grammar, schools in the evolution of the Scottish system is set forth clearly in separate chapters by the author. One's sympathy goes out to the parish schoolmasters of the eighteenth century, when one learns that they seldom received above £16 yearly, all told, many, in fact, no more than £8. Interest, too, is awakened by the picture of the Scotch lad stopping on his way to school to collect his proportion of peats to heat the little school-house; but the influence of parish masters and schools was healthful in stimulating manhood, for "the best and greatest men whom Scotland produced during the century received their education at parish schools."

The distinctive features of Scottish education as seen in its history and present condition are an intimate connection between its elementary and secondary grades (seen in that eminently Scottish institution, the parish school), the easy accessibility of its higher institutions to the people of the land, the national character of its schools and universities, and the communal control of education in the burghs. The secondary school of Scotland entered upon a new lease of life near the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the curriculum was modified and extended, new schools were erected all over the country, and old ones were rebuilt. But the real renaissance dates back only two decades. Twenty years ago state aid was extended to the schools, with the result that remarkable expansion and development have ensued. With state assistance has come state supervision, which, in recent years, has extended over virtually the whole of secondary education in Scotland, and state supervision should mean further development of an educational system that, in the past, has outranked the other educational systems of Great Britain.

My Friend the Indian. By James McLaughlin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

The Seminoles of Florida. By Minnie Moore-Willson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

As might be guessed from its title, "My Friend the Indian" is a narrative of personal observation and adventure rather than a discussion of the Indian question on historical or philosophical lines. As a panoramic sketch of the conditions with which white civilization has had to contend in its conquest of the red man's country, it has all the charm to be expected of the reminiscences of a man who penetrated the wild Northwest with the troops in 1871, and almost ever since has represented the government among the Indians as agent, inspector, or negotiator. Naturally, the aboriginal type that figures in these pages is the Northern Indian, for Mr. McLaughlin's official labors have been chiefly among the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Chippewas, the Crows, and the Piegans. Of the domestic life of these tribesmen, their manner of meeting certain exigencies, and their attitude toward death, we are treated to some excellent word-pictures.

Three chapters are devoted to the Indian version of Custer's last campaign in the valley of the Little Big Horn: for two, the author has drawn upon the

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recollections of several warriors who took part in the fighting, while the third records an interview with Mrs. Spotted Horn Bull regarding the incidents of the tragic week as witnessed from the camps of the women and children. For the disaster which overcame Custer and his immediate following, Mr. McLaughlin lays the larger share of the blame at the door of Reno. He takes pains, however, to impress the fact that Custer fell in a battle, not a massacre. He makes it plain, also, that the Indian allies were assembled in the valley originally for no warlike purpose, and that their inspiration to fight the whites came from the hostile movements of the whites and was kept at fever heat by the "medicine" which Sitting Bull was making at a safe distance from the scene of trouble.

Interesting sidelights are thrown upon the case of Capt. Jack and his Modocs, the wonderful march of Chief Joseph in 1877, and the killing of Sitting Bull. For typical scenes, true to life and full of color, it would be hard to improve upon the descriptions of the last great buffalo hunt at Standing Rock and the ride-amuck of the Cheyenne murderers. Indeed, Mr. McLaughlin has distinct gifts as a story-teller, appreciating with equal keenness the picturesque and the humorous aspects of his subjects; his worst faults in this field are a tendency to digress on the verge of his climax and a habit of repeating himself for the sake of intensifying some feature of his background. Both defects are chargeable, doubtless, to his literary inexperience, but their avoidance would have saved his book a quarter of its present length without impairing its more admirable qualities.

Like Mr. McLaughlin, Mrs. Willson approached the preparation of her book with a sense that duty demanded it. She had learned to esteem her neighbors, the Florida Seminoles, and believed that some one who knew them ought to tell the world their story; hence this volume grew out of notes made by the author and her husband during a long period of personal contact and acquaintance with the fragment of Osceola's band who remained behind when the larger part of the tribe were removed to the Indian Territory. Mrs. Willson does not write, however, with the care or the assurance of Mr. McLaughlin. There is no method in the arrangement of her material, which appears to have been thrown together rather than deliberately composed. This fault, emphasized by the lack of a topical index and some heedless proofreading, detracts from the pleasure of the student who searches the book for special data in which his interest centres.

If one is content to read the entire text and do his own winnowing, one can find in it a good deal that is pleasing in its way, even if little that is new. The feature of most permanent value is a phonetic vocabulary of the Seminole language, or, strictly speaking, of the dialect used by the Florida remnant, for that used by their Oklahoma kinsmen differs in those particulars in which dissimilar experiences and environment have called new descriptive terms into being. Mrs. Willson tells us that the Seminoles in Florida number six hundred, and this estimate is probably as well entitled to acceptance as the two, three, or four hundred guessed by various other writers. Owing to the difficulties of travel in the Everglades, the furtive habits of the Indians, their repugnance for everything governmental, and their suspicious attitude toward all white men, no official census of the tribe has ever been worth the paper it was written on.

Ancient Ceylon: An account of the Aborigines and of Part of the Early Civilization. By H. Parker, late of the Irrigation Department, Ceylon. With illustrations by the author. London: Luzac & Co.

The modest title of this book tempts the reviewer to say at once that Mr. Parker has hidden more than might have been expected under the phrase "Part of the early civilization." In fact, whether art, architecture, weapons, games (ancient and modern), coins, or symbols be his fad (or profession), the reader will find in "Ancient Ceylon" much to attract him. Still more milk will he extract from the cocoanut if he be specially interested in the history of Ceylon or the general history of religions. Mr. Parker was in the Irrigation Department for above twenty years, and his interests have been very catholic. Thus, while he is especially concerned with the earliest irrigation works, he has an eye to all else that makes for civilization. Even in irrigation, one may find something to admire. Such for example, is the fact that "Sinhalese engineers were the first inventors of the valve-pit, more than 2,000 years ago," a device to regulate the outward flow of the water from a reservoir.

The general reader, however, will doubtless pay more attention to Mr. Parker's painstaking description of games, tools, weapons, and coins. As here depicted our "jackstraws," or spelicans, are so like the game in Ceylon that it is not unreasonable to believe with the author that this game came originally from the East Indies. In chess, there are some local variations peculiar enough to note: the king may not castle, but he is permitted to jump like a knight till checked. The pawns are exchangeable, on the last row, only for the pieces on whose row they stand.

The discussion of the svastika or "fylfot" (cross) in its Sinhalese form is in itself excellent, but here the author is tempted to roam abroad, and perhaps falls a victim to the baleful influence which always seems to affect those who have much to do with this sign of superstition. In the "Trojan svastikas," to which the author appeals in evidence for his own ingenious interpretation, there is not so much confidence to-day as there used to be. Moreover the Vedic passages adduced in favor of this interpretation really have no connection with the svastika, which is a symbol utterly unknown in early Vedic times. Mr. Parker is quite right in refusing to see a phallic sign in the svastika, and when he says also that a circle and not a cross is the natural symbol of the sun we gladly assent. Nevertheless, we can not agree with him that one arm of the cross was meant to represent a river and the other the obstruction over which one is carried to safety (*ergo* the cross as symbol of good luck).

But a fresh guess at the meaning of the svastika may be permitted as a pastime to any Orientalist and yet not impugn his historical or critical ability. And on the matter of the original inhabitants, Mr. Parker has much to say that is radical and for the most part convincing. The people concerned are of course, the Vaeddas, who have often been exploited as being so primitive that counting is unknown to them. Now comes Mr. Parker, who has worked and hunted with them; has heard them repeat tales implying the knowledge of numbers and the ability to add and subtract; and has come to the opinion that the Vaeddas are rather a type of debasement than of primitiveness. Let Andrew Lang rejoice! This, of course, refers, however, to the Forest Vaeddas.

The Vaeddas are, in fact, degenerates in that they used to be a race of great importance in the island, numbering among themselves chieftains and kings whose record still stands in the annals of pre-Christian ages. To-day, they are a merry, gentle people, delighting in song and dance and games, riddles, and hunting. Some of their customs are noteworthy. The Vaedda will not receive a gift, unless it be of such form that his wife can share it with him. The forest Vaeddas appear to have the sense of direction developed to such an extent that they actually cannot lose themselves in the jungle. Mr. Parker tells of one of them who expressed surprise at this idea, and finally exclaimed petulantly, "How *can* a man get lost?"

The religious traits of the aborigines may be summed up briefly, as there is no space here to enter into the long discussion of this subject to be found in Mr. Parker's pages. The original cult appears to have been the worship of a hill god as a beneficent deity. He sent rain, checked disease, and was opposed by twelve devils who caused the ills

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that afflicted the people. The worship of ancestral spirits is not assured, but is probable. The Vaeddas seem to be connected religiously with no aborigines other than those of Southern India. Mr. Parker believes that the Nāgas of Northern Ceylon were an offshoot from the Nayars of Southern India. The Vaeddas themselves distinguish Ceylon ("Sihala," the country of the Sinhalese), from their own lands in the island. The Sinhalese name of the island is Lanka. The word Vaedda, with its old intermediate form vaeddhan, evidently reverts to Sanskrit *v·ādha*, "hunter." The illustrations, made by the author, are rude but helpful, especially in understanding the chapters on coins and buildings. The author gives full credit to previous writers, but his own book will be indispensable to future workers in this field.

Yet Again. By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This is a gleaning from the carefully wrought journalism of which Max Beerbohm has almost a monopoly in England. We mean in the sense that he never derogates, but in the occasional essay for Fleet Street uses maintains his own quality unimpaired. What this quality is the analyst finds his ordinary processes too crude to demonstrate. Evidently, sheer mental agility, a sort of pranksomeness of the mind, is the chief ingredient. But how delicately it is employed, how neatly brought to the brink of waggishness and there shunted off upon some unexpected evasion! To the discreet roguishness of the manner, an underlying common sense lends a dignity that we hardly find in Mr. Beerbohm's competitors in mere wit. The fact that, however brief, he is never hurried is again a distinction quite his own. He does not seem to invent quips; they come to him as to their master.

Inevitably, one cites Lamb when celebrating Mr. Beerbohm, but the parallel is at once injurious and misleading. In the love of the precious, recondite, teasing word there is a real affinity between the two essayists; beyond this it hardly extends. Mr. Beerbohm is more detached; one barely sets him in the London that affectionately calls him Max. Who his associates are and what his actual tastes, one merely guesses. Lamb, with all his subtlety, was in a robuster tradition, gave himself with a kind of royal sentimentality. Mr. Beerbohm has something of the Parnassian aloofness, gives chiefly his wit, pays less with his person, is in some fashion tidier and more civilized. One characteristic he shares with Lamb: his quality is pervasive, and not to be fully sensed in extracts. "There are so many queer things in the world that we have no time to wonder at the queerness of the things we see habitualy" sounds truistic, but leads one admirably into a discussion of the mystery of fire. Again the parenthesis, "I have no doubt that the custom of wearing hats in the House originated in the members' unwillingness to let strangers spy down on the shapes of their heads," gains its effect from a preceding delicious parody of the House of Commons manner. Our favorite pretences, journalistic and political, the etiquette of our grand aunts (whose graces he cordially praises), mere happenings (the return of a nostalgic Australian to find that his guiding star, his London club, is being demolished), the tragic effacement of the labels on a much-travelled hat-box by a too zealous repairer, the vision of the past evoked by a Morris dance—in such trifles Mr. Beerbohm finds his themes, and his art makes them important. This art will mean little to a world that wants reading for the train. To the few who still care for quality in letters it is a rare delight.

Mr. Beerbohm's sheer ingenuity is perhaps best enjoyed in the handful of notes called "Words for Pictures." We quote—being after all driven to plum-picking—a few lines on a drawing of Ho-tei, the Japanese god of prosperity, by Hokusai. Mr. Beerbohm, the accomplished caricaturist, has naturally warmed to the theme. Ho-tei possesses the beauty of real fatness—

> That fatness that comes from within and reacts on the soul that made it, until soul and body are one deep harmony of fat; that fatness which gave us the geniality of Silenus, of the late Major O'Gorman; which soothes all nerves in its owner, and creates the earthy truistic wisdom of Sancho Panza, of Francisque Sarcey; which makes a man selfish because there is so much of him, and venerable because he seems to be a knoll of the very globe we live on, and lazy inasmuch as the form of government under which he lives is an absolute gastrocracy—the belly tyrannizing over the members whom it used to serve, and wielding its power as unscrupulously as none but a promoted slave could. Such is the true fatness.

Notes.

A new book of John Burroughs, "In the Catskills," is in the hands of Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Putnams will issue in the autumn "Mazzini and Other Essays," by Henry Demarest Lloyd.

The Macmillan Company announces for publication next autumn "Twenty Years at Hull House," by Miss Jane Addams.

Henry Frowde announces that in the series of Church Art Handbooks a second volume, entitled "Woodcarvings in English Churches," by Francis Bond, is nearly ready.

An interesting account of privateering is promised by E. P. Dutton & Co. in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the Seventeenth Century," by C. H. Haring. It is to be published in the autumn.

A telegram from A. H. Yoder, Superintendent, informs us that the high-school stadium of Tacoma, Wash., is entirely under the control of the Board of Education, and that no offer was made to hold the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight in it. We regret that credit was given, in our editorial note of June 23, to a specious newspaper report.

The "Dictionary of National Biography" is to receive the addition of a second supplement, which will include biographies of notable persons who have died during the years 1901-10. The work, of which Mr. Sidney Lee is to be the editor, will it is believed, be ready early in the year 1912. It will be published in this country by the Macmillan Co.

In "Landmarks of Russian Literature" (Macmillan), the Hon. Maurice Baring publishes a series of disconnected essays, far from profound, but entertaining and sympathetic. The opening chapter, on "Russian Characteristics," which is drawn mainly from the author's own impressions as a newspaper correspondent, is decidedly the best in the book. The treatment of Tolstoy is slight and unsatisfactory, nor is that of Turgenieff at all adequate, though it may serve a purpose by stating the attitude of the present Russian generation towards that novelist. On Gogol and Chekhov, authors comparatively little known in this country, Mr. Baring touches with genuine appreciation; of Dostoevsky, despite an ardor that often becomes extravagant, he gives an account that seems to us the best accessible in English. The book, as a whole, by its tone of warm personal enthusiasm, should do good service by attracting new readers to the great writers of Russia.

John Galsworthy belongs in a way with Max Beerbohm and one or two others in that second stratum of British cleverness just below the level of the great panjandrums of wit, Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, and Wells. His latest publication, "A Motley" (Scribner), is a rather loosely made parcel of journalistic sketches and impressions. They are all featly turned, though in some cases they barely avoid the pitfall of forced wit and false brevity always lying in wait for writers of his kind. Mr. Galsworthy has one peculiar merit: he can portray with sympathy the waifs and failures of the underworld, without losing his interest in the other and on the whole for the artist saner aspects of life. It would not be easy to say which character sketch is the better done, that of the poor abandoned flower girl, or that of the wealthy gentleman of the old school.

"The 'All Red' British Empire Series," issued in this country by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, promises well. The bright scarlet in which the books are dressed has a militant suggestion of Britain against the world, but the pages speak only peacefully. Not long since we noticed at length B. R. Wise's "Commonwealth of Australia." We have now at hand "The Dominion of New Zealand," by Sir Arthur P. Douglas (1909), a writer, like Mr. Wise, well qualified through long residence and high official station to tell the story. New Zealand is considered in all its aspects, and an excellent hand-book is furnished, interesting alike to the man of science, the economist, politician, and man of affairs. We suppose volumes will follow treating

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of the other divisions of the British Empire, in which case we shall have a library of information of the highest value.

"Walks and People in Tuscany," by Sir Francis Vane, Bt. (John Lane Co.), is one of those simple, friendly books which, though they deserve little praise, one is loath to condemn. The author has ventured afoot or on wheel in remote Tuscany. He knows the mountain passes from Vallombrosa to San Marino, has wandered among the Chianti Hills, has trodden the Appenine trails above Pistoia and Lucca, and has sought the rarely visited summits of the Apuan Alps, with their high villages. Everywhere, despite a rather casual knowledge of Italian, he made friends, even improvised speeches at patriotic feasts and acquired some proficiency at bowls. Children were his favorite tramping companions, and he makes them more vivid than the grownups. In the mountains above Lucca he happened upon a local Saracen play, originating, he thinks, from the village of Sant' Anna. Of it one would like to hear more. Occasionally, he reports rather vaguely works of art that have escaped the makers of inventories. What ails the book is a kind of all-overishness. One realizes the feelings of an amiable traveller, but attains no satisfying picture of the things he mentions. We may note the opinion that the society of Florence would be ideal were there a centralizing personality—some sociable despot whose establishment might serve as clearing house and court. It is to be feared that upon such a salon the burden of the merely prosperous might be excessive. The book is tastefully made, and the pen sketches with which it is adorned have an incisiveness that is denied to the text.

In his "Story of the Negro," Dr. Booker T. Washington has brought out in book form papers contributed to a magazine, as well as much interesting material which he has given to the public at one time or another in his platform addresses. This is no attempt at a scientific, historical relation of that remarkable rise of the American negro in the forty years since emancipation which so eminent a Southerner as Henry Watterson has declared to be without parallel in the world's history. Instead, we have an easily flowing, loose-jointed, but readable narrative, bristling with interesting anecdotes and incidents in men's lives and interspersed with useful statistics on nearly all the phases of the negro's life and labor in this country.

As was to be expected, Dr. Washington all but ignores the question of disfranchisement and other political issues. Those of his race who would find in these volumes any outspoken denunciations of injustice or race discrimination, or indeed any stirring note of leadership, must look elsewhere. Dr. Washington is not an agitator. His happy optimism, his cheerful confidence that by building upon the foundation of industry and social usefulness the negro will eventually come into his own, find here ready expression. Truly, no one can contemplate the achievements of the negro since emancipation without certain confidence that, however discouraging the problem may be at times, however disheartening the present reaction, North as well as South, against the negro, in the years to come the negroes are bound to make greater and greater contributions to the industrial and intellectual progress of the nation. No other conclusion is possible after reading Dr. Washington's pages. We wish his work might find the widest circulation, despite certain defects of style and construction, for it presents in an attractive form facts which everybody ought to know. Particularly is this true of the introductory part of the first volume in which the author sets forth something of the past and present conditions in Africa. One of the fundamental difficulties of the negro problem is the cock-sureness with which many persons assert that all African negroes are, and have been, on the lowest level of intelligence and civilization; that there never was any civilization or progress among them. Few know that according to undoubted scientific authority the average primitive negro community in the darkest continent is "a model of thrift and industry." Unfortunately, Dr. Washington often weakens his presentation of such important facts by interjecting rather irrelevant observations on some phase of the Southern problem of to-day. The book bears, too, marks of hasty construction. There are numerous errors of typography and editing. Thus in volume one, page 25, Major R. R. Moton becomes Moten; on page 217 it is James A. Smith; on the next page the same person becomes Samuel A. Smith. On page 266 we learn that a church was built in 1972; on page 323 Gov. Andrew becomes Gov. Andrews. In volume two Brig.-Gen. A. S. Daggett appears as A. D. Daggett, etc., etc. Careful revision would have avoided much repetition and rendered the argument more effective.

Fifty-three new volumes have been added to Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the titles of which keep well up to the level of selection which the previous four hundred had set. These little books, issued at a low price (35 cents net), present a readable page of fair type and paper, and there must be few who cannot find some wished-for work in the series to put upon their shelves. Moreover, the names of the editors and commentators are proof of excellence in the handling of the texts, and the short introductions by these scholars offer, for the most part, an engaging bit of new material for each volume.

Among the new volumes are some in each of the twelve general divisions into which Everyman's Library is classified. The largest share is given to fiction. Four books make complete the set of Dickens's works; Mr. Chesterton writes characteristically, urging the greatness of Dickens's simple characters over the subtle ones with which the present-day novelist seeks to eke out a book. "We have seen Mrs. Lirriper in France," he says, "and we can imagine her in Mesopotamia or in heaven. But the subtle character of the modern novel we cannot really imagine anywhere except in the suburbs or in hell." Dickens, he observes elsewhere, "was meant by heaven to be the great melodramatist, so that even his literary end was melodramatic," in leaving "Edwin Drood" unfinished. Walter Jerrold contributes the introduction to "Pendennis" (in two volumes), and May Sinclair to Charlotte Brontë's "The Professor." In the introduction to "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee" (one vol.), Prof. Brander Matthews remarks that in measuring the range and depth of the influence which one author has exerted over later writers—"excepting only the great masters of fiction, with which Miss Edgeworth need not be classed—few can stand the test as triumphantly as she does." Other volumes are the entertaining "Annals of a Parish," by John Galt; "The Marble Faun"; "Geoffrey Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley, and "The Tower of London," by William Harrison Ainsworth. There are six books of translated fiction.

A pleasing edition of Florio's Montaigne is offered in three volumes, under the division of Essays and Belles Lettres, with a short introductory note by A. R. Waller. Hazlitt's "Lectures on the Comic Writers, and Miscellaneous Essays," fill one volume. Here, too, we would call attention to the excellent practice of the editors, in prefixing to each book a chronological list of the author's writings, and the generally adequate indexes. The selection of Macaulay's essays and the "Lays of Ancient Rome" (one vol.) completes the seven volumes of his works in Everyman's Library. "Prue and I" and "Lotus Eating" (one vol.), by George W. Curtis, is another book under this heading. In Romance, we have "Gil Blas," in two volumes, with a critical introduction by Anatole le Braz, who styles Lesage "the most natural and most fascinating of French story-tellers," and Dr. Sebastian Evans's translation of "The High History of the Holy Graal," from the first volume of "Perceval le Gallois ou le conte du Graal." Mr. Rhys prefixes an appreciation of Dr. Evans's work, and a short bibliography of recent literature of the Graal. Under Poetry and the Drama, there is the "Faerie Queene" (two volumes) in admirable type, and "Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith." To both of these there are somewhat longer introductory essays, by Prof. John W. Hales and Austin Dobson, respectively.

Of the five new books of history, four are of Rome. Merivale, and the first three of six volumes of Gibbon, all edited by Oliphant Smeaton, furnish a continuous conspectus of Roman history, as the last twelve chapters of Merivale have been left out, to dovetail with the Gibbon. Apparently there will be only one general index to Gibbon's work: none is given in the volumes now at hand. Count Lützow's "History of Bohemia" is also one of the new works. Rawlinson's Herodotus, in two volumes, heads the list, under Classical; the editor, E. H. Blakeney, has cut down the original introduction and notes so as to make possible the printing in so small a space. Plutarch, Dryden's translation revised and edited by Arthur Hugh Clough, is in three volumes, and Elizabeth Carter's translation of Epictetus in one.

To "The Wealth of Nations," Prof. E. R. A. Seligman contributes an admirable introduction discussing Adam Smith's relation to present-day economic thought and problems, and outlining the fundamental principles of that work. This is the only new publication under "Science," but two interesting works, under "Travel and Topography" are "Franklin's Journey to the Polar Sea," the absorbing narrative of a trip in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and Henry Walter Bates's "A Naturalist on the Amazon." As an intro-

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duction to Bates's book, the editor reprints the appreciative review written by Darwin in 1863.

The eight remaining volumes are divided, two under Biography, two under Philosophy and Theology, three under Books for Young People, and one under Reference. Pat on the heels of the five-foot shelf comes John Woolman's "Journal and Other Papers"; the second work of Biography is "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," by Capt. Lionel J. Trotter, a book of the Indian Mutiny. Two rather unusual volumes for libraries of this sort are "The First and Second Prayer Books of King Edward VI," and the metrical translation of the "Ramayana" and the "Mahabharata," by the late Romesh Dutt. The books for children are all illustrated: Harriet Martineau's "Feats on the Fjord," by Arthur Rackam, and "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Charles Folkard. "Heidi," a tale of child life in the Alps, is by Johanna Spyri, the Swiss authoress. The one book of reference is a "Short Biographical Dictionary of English Literature," compiled by John Cousin, which contains more than sixteen hundred names and is a handy companion volume to other works of the library. This completes the fifty-three new volumes; the editors, in their announcement, promise attractive selections in the near future, to make up the five hundred which will comprise half of Everyman's Library as eventually planned.

From the *Torch Press* has come an imposing imperial octavo volume of 1,800 pages and of great value, entitled, "A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion," by Frederick H. Dyer. It has been compiled and arranged from official records of the Confederate army and other official documents and sources of the Federal Government and the various States. Mr. Dyer, who is said to have spent forty years at this task, and is himself a veteran of the civil war, has included in his records every regiment, battalion, battery, and independent company organized by the States and Territories, also those of the Regular Army, the colored and Indian troops, etc., etc. The book gives a list of 900 regiments that lost fifty or more killed or mortally wounded. There is a statistical exhibit of deaths in the United States army during the war and other extremely interesting compilations in the first portion of this volume, in which is also included a list of the departments and the armies. Part ii contains a chronological record of the campaigns, battles, skirmishes, etc., and part iii contains the regimental histories. There are special indexes to part ii and part iii, and the book is carefully indexed throughout. The regimental histories are given in short, compact form and wind up with the losses by death in battle or through disease. It seems a pity, however, when so much labor was put into this volume that a list of the colonels of each regiment was not also given, and other information as to the composition of the organizations. To the deaths, for instance, there should have been added the total number of men enlisted, the number of men wounded in action, deserted, etc. Much of this matter is now available in the growing lists of regimental histories and all in the War Department's records. A particularly interesting feature is the grouping of battles and campaigns according to States. Even the skirmishes in California, about which so little is known, are here set forth. The list of commanders of the different departments and armies, corps, divisions, and brigades will be of special value to students of history or writers upon any phase of the civil war struggle. So far as the accuracy of the work is concerned we note on a list just received from the publishers twenty-nine errors and misprints found since publication, not an overwhelming number in so large a volume. Its real accuracy could scarcely be tested without much labor in the actual records. The work, therefore, is likely to stand as a most useful compendium, sure to find its place in the libraries of the country, because of the growing demand for just such a volume. The typography is by no means beyond criticism.

The value and interest of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, as well as its breadth of scope, are continually increasing. The April number opens with a lucid statement by the famous traveller, Sven Hedin, of what he regards as the far-reaching consequences of the recent flight of the Dalai Lama to India. He confidently believes that the special privileges of the Tibetans will be taken from them and their country will become a Chinese province under the supreme rule of the amban, and he adds that his sympathies are entirely with the Chinese. A military supplement contains suggestive articles by two generals, one on the significance of military geography and the movement of troops, the other on the strategic value to Russia's position in the far East of the proposed Amur railway, the route of which is described in detail, with an admirable map published in the previous number. With the cartographic supplement there is a large map in eleven sections, giving the position on the earth, the extent and character, as topical, geological, physical, or statistical, of all the maps noticed in the first three numbers of the year. It is a most helpful, practical index, giving at a glance the desired information.

The death of Frederick James Furnivall on Saturday, at the age of eighty-five, comes home to many a scholar, American as well as English, with unusual poignancy. For Dr. Furnivall represented the highest type of humane scholar, and many a disciple will not readily forget the encouragement which he received from this picturesque figure over a cup of tea and an English muffin at the A. B. C., just across the street from the British Museum. Dr. Furnivall was a very many-sided man, and, although scholarship to him was absorbing, he found time and enthusiasm for athletics, rowing being his favorite exercise, and for social reform. But he will be remembered chiefly for his whole-hearted devotion to Browning, Shakespeare, and Chaucer. And, whatever his actual literary achievement may be, he has impressed young men with an enthusiasm for learning that was hearty and rare. He was editor of many publications, a member of several learned societies, chief among them being the Chaucer Society, contributed occasional articles, and wrote introductions to such works as the Leopold and Royal editions of Shakespeare.

On June 22 occurred at Bath, England, the death of the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, who had for years been prominently engaged in the promotion of home and foreign missions. He founded in 1872, and directed, the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, which supports a large number of missionaries in the Congo, in India, and in South America. His publications include "The Approaching End of the Age," "Light of the Last Days," "Romanism and the Reformation," "History Unveiling Prophecy."

Eugène Corneille, the last male descendant of Pierre Corneille, died about a fortnight ago at Bernay at the age of forty-seven. He was on the staff of the *Indépendant* of the town where he died, and continued, in his devotion to literary activity, the long-standing traditions of his family.

Dr. Volbert Heinrich Sauerland, who died recently at Rome, is known to the world to-day chiefly as an historian. Like many a predecessor, he retired from the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church owing to quarrels in that body, and devoted his life to scholarship. He studied history at Göttingen, and for the past fifteen years had worked in the Vatican archives for the Gesellschaft für Rheinische Geschichte and the Gesellschaft für Lothringische Geschichte. For students of papal history, his works are invaluable. He was seventy-one years of age.

Science.

Life of William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs. By Silvanus P. Thompson. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

Reviews of several books of reminiscences of Lord Kelvin have already appeared in these columns, but in the present work, we have for the first time, a full and authoritative account of his life and work. This biography was begun during the life of Lord Kelvin, and, in fact, had his coöperation; after his death, the original sketch was greatly extended by the materials furnished from his letters, diaries, and other documents put at the biographer's disposal. In addition to the abundant record thus available, Professor Thompson had the high privilege of being a personal friend of the great physicist. The result is a book which will appeal strongly not only to men of science, who have been eagerly awaiting it, but also to all those who have an interest in the thought of the nineteenth century.

The life of a man who published 661 scientific papers, more than a score of books, and innumerable addresses, must be largely a record of work done, an analysis of thought, rather than a chronicle of action. Yet Professor Thompson has also been able to present a real picture of the man and to arouse personal interest in his character, besides giving full discussion of his scientific work.

The main facts of Lord Kelvin's life can be told in a brief space. After his early education in Glasgow and a brilliant studentship in Cambridge, where he began his long work as a profound and

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original thinker, he spent some months in Paris, studying, making acquaintance with noted men, and assisting Regnault in the laboratory. On his return to Cambridge, he was elected a fellow of St. Peter's College, but soon left to become, at the age of twenty-two, professor of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow. This was the chair which Lord Kelvin was to hold and to make celebrated for half a century. His first achievement, undoubtedly inspired by his experience with Regnault, was to establish a laboratory, in which the students might work, the first connected with any university in Great Britain; and, although not himself primarily an experimenter, he gathered about him a number of men qualified to put his ideas to the test and to make the long series of instruments which brought fame and wealth. The first ten years in Glasgow were a period of unceasing toil and incessant writing. The most notable results of these years were the papers on thermodynamics and electricity, which, with the classic experiments performed with Joule, revolutionized these subjects.

In 1856, when Lord Kelvin began his investigations in connection with the new Atlantic cable, he was called to a more public and active life, and it would not be too much to say that his splendid work in designing and laying the first cables and inventing instruments for recording messages turned failure into success. The reward of this achievement was first knighthood, and, later, a peerage.

But, even these exacting and vexatious labors could not keep his mind from problems in pure science. Besides a continuous production of papers of the highest order, he began with Professor Tait a comprehensive and epoch-making "Treatise on Natural Philosophy," which unfortunately never progressed beyond the subject of mechanics. When the Atlantic cable demonstrated its practicability, he returned with renewed zeal to his special work. Honors were showered on him, and at least three attempts were made to induce him to move to Cambridge. The first call came when he was afflicted by the recent death of his first wife; when a more tempting offer was made to become director of the Cavendish Laboratory, recently endowed, ties too strong to be broken had been formed in Glasgow. On rejecting the offer, Lord Kelvin made overtures to Von Helmholtz, but this great scholar had just begun his career in Berlin and so the honor fell to Maxwell. The later years of Lord Kelvin's life, after his second marriage, were divided between his yacht and his house at Largs; but wherever he was his incessant industry continued to the end.

In a certain sense, Lord Kelvin epitomized the physical sciences of the nineteenth century, and formed the connecting link between the mathematical physicists of the type of Lagrange and Laplace and the leaders of the present-day movement. He was the foremost in a splendid band of men who attempted to make a mechanical theory of natural phenomena, founded on the assumption of concrete atoms and æthers. As was natural, he could not entirely change his point of view so as to support the more metaphysical conceptions of the modern school which has exalted the intangible concept, electricity, into an entity and has rejected, or at least altered, the ideas of Newton concerning matter and mass.

The most striking impressions gained from an examination of Lord Kelvin's work are the extraordinary fertility of his ideas and the enormous activity he was able to maintain. There is no branch of physics which he did not master and enrich with numerous contributions of prime importance; even the most casual interest in a subject aroused him to new problems and wide excursions into allied fields. In fact, the intellectual impatience of his mind often prevented him from pursuing a subject to completion, and we find no such consistent and finished productions as those of Faraday or Maxwell. His greatest influence was perhaps as a pioneer, opening new fields of thought and inspiring other men to carry out and complete the hints scattered in his writings. Combined with this impatience we also find an intense love of the concrete and a rooted suspicion against metaphysics. As he himself said, he could not satisfy this mind until a mechanical model of an abstraction had been constructed.

Of the intellectual activity of Lord Kelvin there are many records. When confined to his bed for weeks after the accident which left him lame, he "began to use the famous green-backed note-books which ever afterwards he carried about with him. In these, in all odd moments, when travelling or waiting for a train, he would jot down as they occurred to him suggestions for experiments, calculations, diagrams, draft paragraphs of scientific papers, all dated punctiliously, and often cross-referenced. His *green-book* became his inseparable companion, and the series now preserved of over one hundred volumes is a witness of the extraordinary fertility and bewildering variety of his genius." He even took them to bed with him and made notes before rising in the morning. Helmholtz, himself a man of immense energy, gives us a glimpse of his astonishment while yachting with Lord Kelvin. In a letter he says:

W. Thomson presumed so far on the freedom of his surroundings that he always carried his mathematical note-book about with him, and as soon as anything occurred to him, in the midst of the company, he would begin to calculate, which was treated with a certain awe by the party. How would it be if I accustomed the Berliners to the same proceedings? But the greatest naïveté of all was when on the Friday he had invited all the party to the yacht, and then as soon as the ship was on her way, and every one was settled on deck as securely as might be in view of the rolling, he vanished into the cabin to make calculations there, while the company were left to entertain each other so long as they were in the vein; naturally they were not exactly very lively.

In closing this review no better appreciation can be given of the man who now lies in Westminster Abbey among the immortal dead, than that by Sir William Tilden, Dean of the Faculty of Science, University of London:

My Lord the Chancellor, I present to you William Thomson, Baron Kelvin of Largs, for the degree of Doctor of Science, *honoris causa*. The illustrious son of a family famous for mathematical talent, for more than half a century Lord Kelvin filled the office of Professor of Natural Philosophy in the ancient University of Glasgow. Two generations have passed since he entered on his professorship, and the advances in physical science which have distinguished the nineteenth century from all preceding epochs have been largely due to the influence of Lord Kelvin in promoting true ideas concerning the conservation of energy, the laws of thermodynamics, and their application to the mechanics and physics of the universe. His untiring intellectual activity has led him also to inquire into problems interesting to the chemist and geologist, as well as those which are important to the physicist and engineer. He has calculated the probable size of atoms; he has studied the structure of crystals; he has estimated the age of the earth. But the world knows him best as the man who has shown how practically to measure electric and magnetic quantities, and has made it possible to link together distant continents by the electric telegraph. It is he who has shown how to neutralize the effects of iron on the compasses of ships and how to predict the tides, and who has thus taught the mariner to steer safely over the surface of the ocean, and to sound, as he goes, its depths and shallows. A greater philosopher than Democritus, in him are united the qualities of Archimedes and Aristotle. Regarded with affectionate reverence by his contemporaries, it cannot be doubted that his name will shine brightly through long future generations. In offering a place of honor to such a man the University confers lustre on itself.

The little book by Anne Moore, bearing the title "Physiology of Man and Other Animals" (Holt), is an interesting attempt to present the essential facts of physiology in an elementary fashion. In carrying out this plan the author dwells upon the larger and more obvious activities of the body, such as circulation, respiration, digestion, and movement, and mentions but briefly the more complex functions of the nervous system. So far is this carried that the existence of a retina is just barely noted, and the ear is not described at all. The second half of the book contains a sketchy outline of the structure and activities

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of the chief groups of animals, an outline which a good teacher may make very valuable. Much to be regretted is the evident willingness of Miss Moore, despite her training in a good school, to take many of her facts and illustrations from sources of secondary value, instead of going always to the fountain head for her supplies. A book that is modern enough to contain "lipase" is too modern to perpetuate the antiquated use of "hydrocarbon" for fat.

The alliterative "Conquest of Consumption" (Houghton Mifflin), from the fluent pen of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, is a brief but breezy encouragement of the victim of tuberculosis to give himself full benefit of the treatment by fresh air and abundant food. Those who like to see these questions dealt with in a slap-dash piquant method will find it here at its best. Dr. Hutchinson seeks to arouse and stimulate, and a mild exaggeration here and there, or an occasional disregard of the facts, disturbs him little. Such a presentation of the case will doubtless help many hesitating persons, much as many used to be helped by Gough and Moody, with whose form of appeal that of Dr. Hutchinson has much in common. Our only serious criticism of the book would be that perhaps too little stress is laid upon the fact that, although fresh air and feeding are all important, there are limitations to their usefulness which the zealous patient can hardly be trusted to recognize and appreciate without the aid of a physician.

Prof. Giovanni Virginio Schiaparelli, the astronomer, died on Monday at Milan. He was born, the son of a teacher, at Savigliano, in Piedmont, in the year 1835. After studying at Berlin and Pulkowa, he became in 1862 the director of the Milan Observatory, a position which he held until he retired in 1900. His investigations, which were numerous, were directed by that desirable complement of scientific scholarship, a far-ranging imagination, and on some occasions assumed lines that were revolutionary. His most notable discovery was that of the so-called canals of Mars, which he announced in 1877. His belief that Mars is inhabited by beings in many ways akin to ourselves started a controversy which has, of course, not even yet been settled. He wrote significant books on comets and falling stars, in 1873 "The Precursors of Copernicus in Antiquity," and in the next thirteen years two works, one on the rotation, and the other on the topography, of Mars.

Drama and Music.

THE NEW DRAMA AND THE OLD.

It is no secret that Mr. Charles Frohman's repertory season of "advanced" drama at the Duke of York's Theatre in London has been a failure. Nor have sincere friends of the theatre shed too many tears over the fact. Those sincere friends of the drama who are also intelligent friends of the drama have been aware for some time that what was only a few years ago commendably "new" and "advanced" has now become freakish and a fad. Mr. A. B. Walkley, the London *Times's* dramatic critic, recently uttered some very plain truths on the subject:

> What the drama of the future was going to be neither they nor he could say; but he thought he could safely prophesy what it would not be. It would not be a rambling conversation on the model of those recent plays of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker which had so brief a career. He referred to these without apology, because they had been put forward by one at least of their own parents as the new dramatic model. He submitted it was a model of what to avoid. If the drama was to develop, it would have to develop along dramatic lines, shaping itself, like every other art, in conformity with its peculiar medium of expression. It must obey the law of economy in art; not run to waste by aiming at effect which could just as easily be produced without the apparatus of a theatre and the aid of a company of actors. And a play must always, in the future as in the past, be something organic and whole, or it would not hold the spectator's attention.

In these few sentences Mr. Walkley has summed up the rise and progress and decline of the intellectual English drama during the half-dozen eventful years that have elapsed since Mr. Arnold Daly produced "Candida" in New York and gave George Bernard Shaw to what has been since that event a breathless, admiring, and puzzled world.

In Shaw's hands the play has become a magnificent and popular embodiment of the art of conversation. The old dramatic requirements of plot, situation, and character have been thrown overboard. Two volumes of Shaw's plays were in print for years before they found a hearing on the stage. They were in nearly every sense that extremely old-fashioned thing, "closet-drama." But Mr. Shaw's talk was so brilliant, his humor so high above the ordinary, and the whimsical play of ideas so pleasantly irritating, that people discovered with some astonishment that a play might have neither plot nor situation in the traditional sense, and yet be a capital night's entertainment. There is no need here to expatiate on the rise and apotheosis of Shaw. It is only necessary to point out that Mr. Shaw was not slow to take advantage of his sudden vogue. He worked his vein hard. There had been in "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" the remnants of plot. There had been in "Man and Superman" some trace of situation. He proceeded to eliminate these from his subsequent plays. "John Bull's Other Island" was more talkative than "Man and Superman." And "Major Barbara" was about as garrulous. And "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "Getting Married," and "Press Cuttings" have grown steadily worse. Whether emanating from Shaw's dramatic theories or from Shaw's dramatic personality, the attempt to write talk instead of drama was deliberate and openly avowed.

Shaw thus became the founder of a school of discursive drama. His followers, of whom Granville Barker and John Galsworthy are the best known, could not approach the master's brilliancy of talk, but they could surpss him in seriousness and sincerity; and they did. Shaw dwells, as a rule, in the field of abstract ideas; when he deals with such specific subjects as Mrs. Warren's profession, the Irish question, the Salvation Army, or Irish politics, the interest is seldom in the main story and nearly always in the jest or the suggestion of the moment. His followers have chosen their topics more carefully and gone to work with fine single-mindedness, keeping their eyes always on the thesis; producing, in other words, a serious "problem" play. But it was a play in which the Shavian disdain of plot and action was observed. The thesis was not acted out, but talked out. Mr. Galsworthy has been less the sinner in this respect than Mr. Granville Barker; Mr. Barker has shown the way to a crop of newer dramatists who have talked from the stage about things they knew or believed in; things deserving to be known, but nevertheless talked about instead of acted out. Of "Chains," a play of lower middle-class life by Elizabeth Baker, a girl stenographer of little literary training, one critic—we believe it was Mr. Archer—remarked that the entire plot consisted in this: a London clerk thought of emigrating to America and didn't. Mr. Archer was under the necessity of saying that, while the play had no plot in the traditional sense, it had that higher form of plot which is of life itself. Which is all very fine and very little to the point.

For the essense of the matter is this: the laws of dramatic writing, built up in the course of twenty-five hundred years, cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. Now and then an exceptional individual may arise who, for a time, may find it possible to dispense with those laws. Above all laws of the theatre there is one supreme law which decrees that the spectator must not be bored. If Bernard Shaw's brilliant talk can hold an audience for three hours, well and good. If Mr. Barker and the newer school can keep us interested while they discourse about the poor law or police court administration, we ask nothing more. Only it cannot be emphasized too strongly that the experience of twenty-five centuries holds out the solemn warning that such audacious experiments must come to grief in the long run. Not every dramatist can write as well as Bernard Shaw. And Bernard Shaw himself has shown of late that he cannot write well enough to keep his audience from yawning with alarming frequency.

The man of original tastes may live exclusively on olives and weak tea; most of us need a more substantial and more conservative diet. The original dramatist may refuse to play by the rules of the game; his would-be imitators are

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bound to come to grief. What those men fail to recognize is the fact that the laws which they scoff at are really intended for their own salvation. The trained acrobat may play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody on the piano with his toes, but for the average musician it is safest to play with his hands. And for his comfort, the average man may recall that the very greatest musicians prefer to play with their hands, instead of their toes.

Sir Charles Stanford has brought out a new Irish song cycle. It was sung for the first time in London by Plunket-Greene.

One of Rossini's earliest operas, "Tancred," is to be revived in Berlin next season. He was only twenty-one when he wrote it.

"Quo Vadis," the French opera by Jean Nougués, which Mr. Gatti-Casazza has procured for the next Metropolitan season, seems to be popular. After its Parisian success, it was acclaimed in a Bohemian version at Prague, and is now being translated into German for the Volksoper in Vienna. In the same city a company is organizing to take it on the road, presenting it in cities which have opera houses but not funds enough to pay for the sumptuous scenery the opera calls for.

Mendelssohn's violin concerto, which has been for decades one of the most popular of all concert pieces, had to wait eighteen years after it was composed before it was printed. Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony remained in MS. fifteen years, Schumann's first symphony twelve years. Schubert's orchestral and chamber works not only were not printed during his lifetime, but there were few among them that he had ever had a chance to hear. His ninth symphony was twenty-two years old when it was put into type; the immortal "Unfinished" had to wait forty-four years, and the great octet nearly thirty years. A number of interesting facts like these are given by Theodor Müller-Reuter in his "Lexicon der deutschen Konzertliteratur," the first volume of which has just been published, in Leipzig, by C. F. Kahnt. The dates of first performances of important pieces are given with much other information, obtained, in the case of the works of contemporary masters, from the composers themselves. Conductors, players, and singers will find this volume of great use. Their attention is called particularly to the fact that the author takes pains to point out the beauties of pieces that are played too seldom; *e. g.*, Schubert's Fantasia for violin and piano (op. 159), and his sonata in A, opus 162, for the same instruments.

Russia has lost another of her most prominent composers, Mili Alexejewitch Balakireff. Like several of his best-known colleagues, he was a man of science (biologist and mathematician) before he became a pianist and composer. He lived seventy-four years, and is looked on as having been, after Glinka, the leader of the Russian "national" school. His best-known works are a symphony, the music to "King Lear," the symphonic poem, "Damara," the Oriental piano-fantasy, "Slamey," and a collection of Russian folk songs. He devoted much time to making his country's music known elsewhere, by giving concerts in various foreign cities. Once he conducted, at Prague, a cycle of Glinka's operas.

Art.

MUSEUM DIRECTORS.

Of the multitude that annually visits the Metropolitan Museum, an elect minority, the students, will learn with especial regret of the retirement of the director. The state of Sir Purdon Clarke's health did not permit him to take that aggressive part in remodelling the Museum that was hoped for, but he did quietly effect an important and radical change: he improved the moral climate of the place. Where students had been regarded as intruders and foreign experts had been denied access to the cases, he introduced an atmosphere of positive courtesy and helpfulness, thus confirming a beneficent policy begun in the interregnum of Acting-Director Storey. In a considerable degree Sir Purdon sacrificed himself to the social duties of his position, was absolutely accessible and untiringly serviceable even to casual inquirers. Possibly this was an excess of amiability, but it doubtless did much to create good will for the Museum. To the work of recruiting an expert staff and overhauling the collections he set himself with a scholar's sympathy.

His activities at the Metropolitan may suggest some thoughts about the profession he followed. It is rather a new profession. Until recently even in Europe heads of art museums were chosen from among painters of repute. Gradually, experts in some single branch have replaced these amateurs. As museums have grown and their funds have increased, it has become plain that neither the artist nor the scholarly expert is likely to do well in a post involving difficult duties of administration. The profession of museum director has emerged as a separate calling, requiring especial capacities and training. Under much the same conditions the profession of college or university president has detached itself from that of teaching or investigation. Something of the same efficiency, encyclopædic information, and universal sympathy is required in either case. In America such chiefs must also be public characters. Their allegiance is not impersonal, to a remote Ministry or municipal council, but personal, to trustees who share intimately in the work of administration. Moreover, most of our museums are in large part dependent on public subscription, and in virtually all cases grow chiefly through private gifts. All this imposes upon an American director a tact and diplomacy that, if useful, are not indispensable in similar positions abroad.

According to the main types of art museum among us, two sorts of directors are developing. The average museum devotes itself mainly to collecting and exhibiting modern art, to which it often adds practical instruction in painting and sculpture. The head of such an institution needs chiefly taste, energy, and administrative tact; his work does not require much scholarship, but rather a discursive curiosity and enthusiasm. The late Director Kurtz of the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, was an admirable example of this sort of executive. It is a type that our conditions are likely to produce in sufficient numbers. When a museum, like those of New York, Boston, Chicago, and Worcester, devotes itself to the whole field of art—hence for the most part to that of the past—the problem of finding the right chief becomes more difficult. Indeed, if there were many full-fledged art museums our supply of native directors would soon run short, just as for a time the supply of eligible college presidents did. But museums do not multiply after the fashion of colleges, and will presumably rear directors as fast as they are wanted. Sir Purdon Clarke worked up from the lower grades to the head of the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. Robinson, who is now acting director, having already for a considerable time carried forward efficiently the work of the Museum, had been curator and director at Boston before coming to us.

As to the training that best equips a director, clearly no dogmatic opinion can be held. But it may be said that no man who has not won his spurs as a specialist is likely to be an acceptable captain for a staff of experts. Yet the specialist, like the proverbial Scotchman, must be caught early if much is to be made of him. He needs a kind of ability that is not to be got from books and concerning which ancient inscriptions and statues, old paintings and carvings, are silent. Keeping the sympathy and insight of the scholar intact, he must add to them the keenness of the all-round executive. It is probable that few museum curators will be drawn into the work of general administration, just as, after all, it is an exceptional type of professor that has responded to the new and exacting demands made upon the office of college president.

It lightens the labors of a reviewer to find a title page that is also a table of contents. Such is the case with Richard G. Hatton's "The Craftsman's Plant-Book or Figures of Old Plants Selected from the Herbals of the Sixteenth Century, and exhibiting the finest examples of plant-drawing found in these rare works, whether executed in wood-cuts or in copper-plate engravings; arranged for the use of the decorator with supplementary illustrations and some remarks on the use of plant-form design" (E. P. Dutton & Co.,

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$7.50 net). It remains only to add that the author has made a very complete anthology of old cuts, which, made for scientific purposes, are frequently models of clever design, and that his prefatory remarks are sensible. Their tone may be gathered from the advice, "Let the designer recognize at the beginning that he is not obliged to use plants at all, that it may be his lot in life not to use plants, and that beautiful objects can be produced without the use of them. And, indeed, until the designer adopts that attitude, he will misuse his plants. Until he can do without them he cannot properly introduce them." The arrangement is not bibliographical but botanical, a convenience for the worker who wishes simply to find a given type of plant; and except for a certain blunting and disintegration of the old cuts caused inevitably by process reproduction the collection comprised in this large quarto is a model of its kind.

Myron, Phidias, Polyclitus, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Lysippus are the "Six Greek Sculptors" briefly treated by Ernest A. Gardner for Duckworth's red covered series. (Scribner importation). There is also a preliminary chapter on archaic sculpture, and a final chapter on the Hellenistic period. Professor Gardner's method is characteristically sober and scholarly. He takes into account the latest discussions and discoveries, which in the case of Lysippus, for example, are quite revolutionary. Particularly valuable, though naturally the conclusions are tentative, is the essay on the style of Scopas, the initiator of the pathetic tendency. These studies of style make for a more discriminating appreciation of the qualities of Greek art. It is not so long ago that seven centuries were rolled together under the vague denomination of "the antique." Since then we have learned to distinguish the Greco-Roman, and to scorn, surely too much, the Hellenistic. Now we are beginning to distinguish personalities with some accuracy. This tends to take the subject out of the realm of superstition and ideology and bring it within that of criticism proper. The marginal uncertainty is still considerable, but such books as this help toward clearer admirations. One or two slips or omissions may be noted. No indication is given as to the whereabouts of the Myronic Hercules reproduced in plate xv. The condition of the Castel Porziano Discobolus at the Terme Museum is inaccurately described (p. 64, note), and its importance slurred. A statue the legs of which are broken a little above the ankle cannot be called a "torso." This version has also the great merit of giving the correct position of the left hand. A more unaccountable omission is that of the Niobid of the Banca Romana. The date of this fine marble is disputable, we feel it may be of Roman workmanship, but in quality and sheer passion it must count among the most important works of classical antiquity. One would welcome, also, a discussion of the lovely Temple Ministrant of Anzio, at the Terme, a much-discussed masterpiece, with apparent relations to the art of Lysippus. It seems possible, in view of these shortcomings, that the manuscript was completed a matter of three years ago, and not subsequently revised. Naturally, the pendant to the Ludovisi throne recently acquired by the Boston Museum was not available for this publication.

Finance.

CROPS AND MONEY.

The present financial situation in the United States is wholly logical. Given the facts of the last three years, the consequences could not be other than are now observed. The thing that impressed itself most deeply on certain minds after the strenuous times of 1907 was that a readjustment in the cost of living was a prerequisite to a return to what we are in the habit of calling normal conditions. The readjustment did not occur. It failed to manifest itself in 1908, and it put in no genuine appearance in 1909, although there was a temporary cut in the steel and iron industry, followed by such an avalanche of orders as completely to falsify any expectations which may have been entertained of an effective cheapening in this line of products. Nineteen hundred and ten, in a word, found the cost of living higher than ever. The assumption in the early part of 1908 that a decline in general prices must ensue was based on the fact that the underlying conditions did not warrant the prices then quoted. Yet the cost of living has increased since that time, while the working capital of the United States is not now so large. The result is that for every one person in 1908 who was looking for a readjustment in general prices, there are to-day a dozen persons who declare that the purchasing power of the dollar must be enlarged.

The dollar has been overworked of late years. It has had too many tasks assigned to it, and it is now proving to the people of this country that it cannot attend to them all. Billion-dollar Congresses, magnificent State and municipal expenditures, 15-cent cotton, wheat at non-exporting prices, and a land boom involving tremendously enhanced quotations (to go no farther) are too much for it; it is not able to get around quick enough for all purposes.

The dollar's severest taskmaster in the past year has been the farmer. The farmer has not been merciful to his beast; he has forgotten that the money market has its limitations. The farmer has been in a position to dictate to the rest of us, and the money market has been his agent. He has advanced the prices of his products, and has told us that we could take them or leave them. Ten years ago that would not have been so easy: his own capital was not so large as it is now, and his borrowing capacity was less ample. To-day local elevators preclude the necessity of his rushing his wheat to market, provided his bank will supply the funds to hold the marketing of the crop in abeyance. What has been the case with his wheat has been equally the case with his cotton, his livestock, and most of his other products. He has perfected his facilities for holding his wares from market until he can get his price; his *sine qua non* to-day is ample banking accommodation.

The attitude of the banks to the farmers is the question of chief interest at this period. A new harvest is at hand, and an immense volume of bank loans is necessary in order to reduce it to cash. But the fact cannot be ignored that in the past year the farmers have locked up an exceptionally large proportion of the nation's working capital. At a time when they should be flush, the local banks in the great agricultural regions are quite the reverse of flush. The banks in the central reserve cities of the United States have for some months foreseen just such a situation as the one which now confronts us. They have strengthened their own reserves as much as possible, knowing well that the task of financing the crop movement must fall on them in much larger measure than usual this autumn. This has reacted powerfully on Wall Street, and on the general industry of the country. Stocks have fallen heavily, and the commitments of money for mercantile purposes have been curtailed.

The unusually large amounts borrowed in the name of agriculture in the past year have been obtained in two principal ways. The farmers have borrowed from their local banks on their general credit, and in addition to these sums a great aggregate of farm mortgages has been placed with insurance companies and similar institutions. Neither class of loans can be liquidated with wholly painless results. It is quite conceivable that the greatly enhanced prices which have been paid during the land speculation will in the long run be amply justified by the added productiveness of the country, but pending that time really productive industries will have been deprived of the use of a very considerable amount of working capital. Some unproductive industries of an important character seem to be experiencing that ef-

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fect to-day. It is more than probable that the stagnation in the bond market for so many months past has been due to the fact that financial institutions that are usually large buyers of bonds have been devoting themselves assiduously to farm mortgages.

Last Saturday's New York bank statement is significant. The large increase in loans and the heavy decrease in the reserve, from whatever cause they may specifically have sprung, point to the fact that, unaided by foreign loans and by liquidation on the part of the agricultural interests in this country, the banks are not going to have plain sailing in financing this year's crops. Proximate causes of various descriptions are, of course, easily found for the current happenings of the financial situation, but below them all lies one predominating cause—an over large absorption of the nation's working capital by the producers of raw materials, including the land speculators in that category. The question of reducing the amount of this locked-up capital by a very considerable figure is the important question of the hour. Pending its solution, nothing definite can be asserted with reference to the financial outlook, except that, once a more even distribution of "money market money," as Bagehot used to call it is effected among the various industries of the nation, the industrial affairs of the United States will have acquired a better status than has been theirs for a good many years.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blake, E. C. Engaged Girl Sketches. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.

Bligh, S. M. The Direction of Desire: Suggestions for the Application of Psychology to Everyday Life. Frowde. 70 cents net.

Bronson, W. C. English Poems. Selected and edited, with notes. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Brooks, J. G. An American Citizen: The Life of W. H. Baldwin, jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Chalmers, S. When Love Calls Men to Arms. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Clark, C. U. Ammiani Marcellini Rerum Gestarum, libri qui supersunt. Vol. I. Berlin: Weidmann.

Clark, J. M. Standards of Reasonableness in Local Freight Discriminations. Columbia Univ.

Clark, J. The Yosemite Valley. Yosemite Valley, Calif.: N. L. Salter.

Coolidge, A. C. Our Nation's Altar. Watertown, N. Y.

Cranke, J. P. In the Land of To-morrow. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Downing's United States Customs Tariff. Revised to March 1, 1910. New York: R. F. Downing. $2.

France, A. The Wicker-Work Woman. Trans. by M. P. Willcocks. Lane. $2.

Hoogvliet, J. M. Elements of Dutch. Seventh ed. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

Hutchins, F. and C. Houseboating on a Colonial Waterway. Boston: Page & Co.

Johnston, A. History of American Politics. Revised and enlarged by W. M. Sloane, continued by W. M. Daniels. Holt. 90 cents.

Johnson, R. H. Determinate Evolution in the Color Pattern of the Lady-Beetles. Carnegie Inst. of Wash.

Lingley, C. R. The Transition in Virginia from Colony to Commonwealth. Columbia Univ.

Meek, S. E., and Hildebrand, S. F. Synoptic List of the Fishes Known to Occur Within Fifty Miles of Chicago. Field Museum of Natural History.

Milligan, G. Selections from the Greek Papyri, edited, with translations. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Moore, C. B., and Hrdlicka, A. Antiquities of the Ouachita Valley, and Skeletal Remains from Arkansas and Louisiana. Reprints Journal Academy of Natural Sciences of Phila. Vol. XIV. Phila.: P. C. Stockhausen.

Osgood, W. H. Further New Mammals from British East Africa. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Pater, W. Library Edition Vols. II and III. Marius the Epicurean. Macmillan. $4 net.

Pyle, W. L., and others. A Manual of Personal Hygiene. Fourth edition, revised. Phila.: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.

Recowitza, H. v. Autobiography. Trans. from the German by C. Mar. Macmillan.

Redford, E. A. Neither Do I. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Reilly, J. M. Veldt, The Lion-Hunter: A Comic Opera Whirl. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.

Rooseboom, M. P. The Scottish Staple in the Netherlands (1292 to 1676). The Hague. Martinus Nijhoff.

Savinien, F. P. Bonbons. Broadway Pub. Co.

Schaefer, H. Jesus in psychiatrischer Beleuchtung. Berlin: E. Hofmann & Co.

Schipper, J. A History of English Versification. Frowde. $2.90 net.

Senator, H., and Kraminer, S. Marriage and Disease. Trans. from the German by J. Dulberg. New York: P. B. Hoeber. $2.50 net.

Smith, B. 100 Stories in Black. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25 cents.

Townsend, C. W. A Labrador Spring. Boston: Dana Estes. $1.50.

Warner, A. The Real Roosevelt: His Utterances on Various Subjects, selected and arranged. Putnam.

Wells, D. W., and R. F. History of Hatfield, Mass. Springfield, Mass.: F. G. H. Gibbons. $5.

Wolcott, A. B. Notes on Some Cleridæ of Middle and North America. Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

Woodbine, G. E. Four Thirteenth-Century Law Tracts. Yale Univ. Press. $1.50.

Wright, H. B. The Recovery of a Lost Roman Tragedy: a Study in Honor of Bernadotte Perrin. Yale Univ. Press.

Helen R. Albee's
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